

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2. 1865.

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DEFALCATION OF THE PHOENIX BANK, NEW YORK.

THE Phoenix Bank defalcation, involving a probable loss to the bank of about \$300,000, is now the theme of conversation in every financial circle in New York city. That such a stupendous fraud should be perpetrated on any carefully managed moneyed institution in the way the Phoenix bank was defrauded seems hardly credible, but that it should be done by a reckless, dissolute spendthrift seems beyond belief. None of the parties involved could have been considered other than suspicious characters, especially the pretty waiter-girl, Genevieve Brower, and the wonder is that the officers of the bank were not made aware of the habits of the teller months before he was detected in the commission of his crime. The defaulter, Henry B. Jenkins, had for twenty years held prominent positions in the bank, and at the time the fraud was committed was acting as assistant paying-teller. The other parties, John L. Earle, Miss Brower, and her paramour, Charles Brower, *alias* Bird, *alias* Brown, etc., who are alleged to be *participi criminis*, were very obscure and entirely unknown before the detection of Jenkins, except in the immediate locality of their business—Brower excepted, who it appears had no business, or at least followed none.

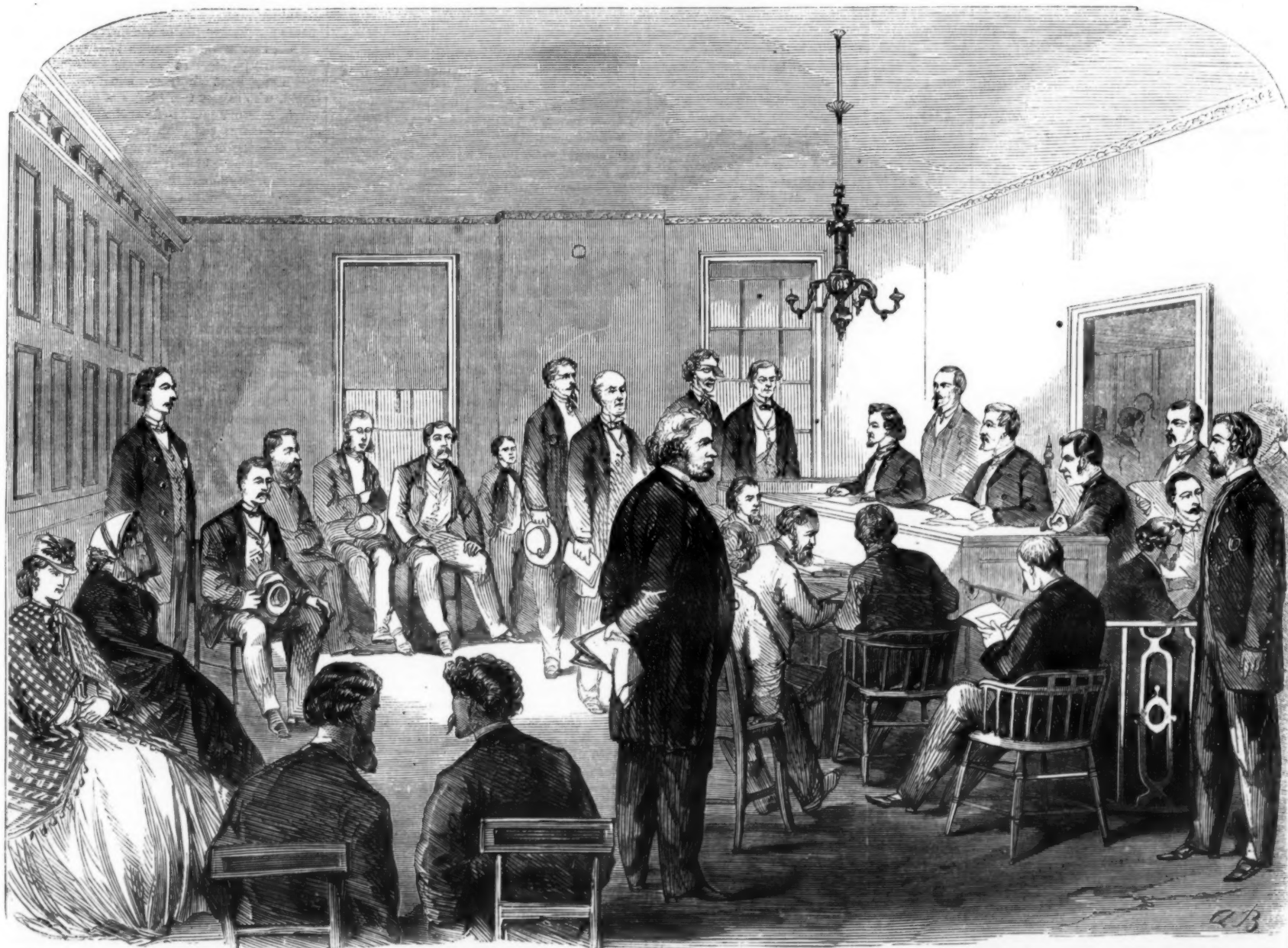
On the morning after the arrest of the above parties, Earle, who had been employed in the Phoenix Bank, and who took \$100,000 of the money embezzled by Jenkins and lost it in stock operations, committed suicide in his cell, in the 29th Precinct Station-House. Jenkins had, up to the time of his arrest, been regarded by his superior officers as an honest, upright, and perfectly trustworthy gentleman. It appears, however, that his honesty was sheer hypocrisy, and his uprightness a mere sham, for he made companions of the vilest



HENRY B. JENKINS, THE PHOENIX BANK DEFAULTER.—FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.



"VEIVE BROWER."—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN DURING THE EXAMINATION AT THE JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT.



THE PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION OF HENRY B. JENKINS, THE PHOENIX BANK DEFAULTER, AND "VEIVE BROWER," ALIAS BROWN, AT THE JEFFERSON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY, POLICE COURT, ON TUESDAY, 15TH INST.

of the vile of both sexes. During the examination at the Jefferson Market court, preliminary to the final committal for trial, all of the parties seemed unperturbed, and apparently indifferent as to the result. Our Artist has given faithful portraits of Jenkins and Genevieve Brower, and has carefully sketched the scene in the court on the day of the examination.

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ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Higgs, Mayor of Sudbury, relates: "I once had an old horse which used to pump his own water by taking the handle of the pump in his mouth, and working it like a human being. The other horses would take the advantage of this, and when they were thirsty would bite and tear him to go and pump for them, in which they were generally successful. He would walk up gravely, and take hold of the handle and work away. Directly, however, the water began to flow, he would pop down his own head and drink. I have often seen him do this." Mentioning this interesting anecdote to Crosswell, the well known driver of the omnibus between Walton and Colchester, he told me the following instance of feline intelligence which he says he has often seen, and which anybody can see who chooses. Two cats living in different parts of the town of Walton-on-the-Naze, and not appearing to have any known relationship to each other, adopt the following mode of opening the cottage-door of their habitation when shut out. No. 1 takes a jump and strikes the handle of the latch with her foot in the middle of the spring. She generally manages to open the door this way the first time; but if unsuccessful, she repeats the springs till her object is effected. In case of No. 2, there happens to be a post close to the handle of the latch, and pussy springs on the top of this, and then deliberately presses down the handle with her foot, and walks in. It is hardly necessary to observe, without entering into any metaphysical disquisition, that these instances of animal intelligence are not due to instinct in the proper acceptance of the word. The horse and the cats knew from experience that certain effects were produced by reasoning beings to produce certain ends, and they were thus taught to exercise the same means for their own advantage.

What is the average weight of a man? At what age does he attain his greatest weight? How much heavier are men than women? What would be the weight of fat people—and what of very fat people? M. Quelet, of Brussels, some years ago devised such questions quite within the scope of his extensive series of researches on man. He got hold of everybody he could, everywhere, and weighed them all. He weighed the babies, he weighed the boys and girls, he weighed the youths and maidens, he weighed men and women, he weighed collegians, soldiers, factory people, pensioners—and as he had no particular theory to disturb his facts, he honestly set down such results as he met with. All the infants in the foundling hospital at Brussels for a considerable period were weighed, and the results were compared with others obtained at similar establishments in Paris and Moscow. The average returns show that a citizen of the world, on the first day of his appearance in public, weighs about six pounds and a half—a boy baby a little more, a girl baby a little less. Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of 10 and 11 pounds. M. Quelet grouped thousands of people according to age, and found that the men of 20 averaged 145lb. each, while the young women of 20 have an average of 125lb. His men reached their heaviest bulk at about 35, when their average weight was 152lb.; but the women slowly fattened on until 50, when their average was 129lb. Men and women together, the weight at full growth averaged almost exactly 140lb.

Barnum's Museum, at Winter Garden,
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Donations of Curiosities to the New Museum received at Chinese Buildings, Nos. 539 and 541 Broadway.

The excellent preparations of Dr. Chapin, by the use of which he gained so great a popularity in the treatment and cure of dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation and palpitation of the heart, and all diseases arising from indigestion and torpid liver, was none other than what is now put up under the name of RED JACKET STOMACH BITTERS.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

CAUTION!

We would respectfully caution the public and our subscribers in the Western States against a woman styling herself Mrs. O. Loomis, who is in the habit of collecting subscriptions and receiving money for Patterns, etc. She is an impostor. We have no traveling agents.

Morality in Murder.

SOME very extraordinary phases of crime have lately been exhibited in Europe as well as in this country. A certain Constance Kent murdered her young step-brother, and for five years permitted her own father to rest under the imputation of the crime. Then, under some unexplained impulse she confessed it, and that it was done "with great deliberation and cruelty." The judge, of course, sentenced her to death, but it is understood that confession is as good for the body as for the soul, and that the sentence will be remitted.

A more remarkable case, and one calculated to raise some grave questions in connection with the differences in moral organizations and responsibilities, is that of a Swedish clergyman named Lindbach, who, thoroughly convinced of the hopeless and needless misery of some poor incurables among his flock, solemnly, and under an apparent sense of duty, interfered to terminate their sufferings, and relieve their funds and the parish of care and expense, by poisoning them. He was lately found guilty of murdering some of the most miserable of his flock by mingling poison in the sacramental wine, and whose avowal of the motive which induced him to commit this horrible action seems to us to bear on it all the stamp of truth. Indeed it is not very seriously disputed. As far as we know his accusers only charged him with poisoning the unhappy creatures in order to diminish the poor-rates, a selfish motive of too slight a magnitude to account for such a crime, and far less probable than the one he himself confesses:

"I comprehended," he says, "the pastor's duty as a father. I ordered notice to be given me every Sunday by appointed persons of where any poor sick person was to be found. After such inquiries I went round with food and medicine, and became witness of much misery and helplessness. When one stands beside an incurably sick and dreadfully pained fellow-creature, one wishes of all his heart, that he might be released from his heartrending misery. By those hungry, cold incurables in Silbodahl I have often stood, moved by the deepest pity, and thought, 'Were I in such miserable plight I would bless him who had-ned the end of my pain, and God would forgive that merciful one.' With every renewed visit to those poor people I was strengthened in this idea. I prepared separate wine, as help in trouble, when this, my misdirected charity, should urge me to it."

In other words, the Pastor Lindbach reasoned concerning his suffering incurables exactly as ordinary men reason concerning incurable sufferers among the lower animals. He felt it a kindness to them to terminate their hopeless misery and he was withheld by no mysterious compunction concerning the sacredness of human life. Not that such compunctions did not cross his mind, but that, when they did, he analyzed them away after a curious fashion of his own. He seems to have reasoned that there is, strictly speaking, no natural term to human life, that it is sometimes shortened by accident, sometimes by the very means taken to prolong it, sometimes through the absence of medical aid, sometimes by a faulty diagnosis of the disease, sometimes by faulty remedies, and hence he apparently inferred that what is permitted by God to happen through the blunders and shortsightedness of man, He could not condemn if brought about intentionally by any one foreseeing the result and acting from a pure motive. He says:

"I thought also, what none can deny, that very few human beings pass to the other world in the course of nature, &c., when the powers of soul and body are worn out by age. Some external cause occurs, which God—though He does not advance it—yet does not prevent, in virtue of the freedom He granted, the understanding. He gave. How many in the prime of life, in their full vigor, are their own murderers involuntarily, yet through misuse of their understanding? How many

have fallen out of the hands of the most skillful physician into the grave? The patient's statement is not always properly comprehended (yet the statement determines the prescription, and the prescription determines life or death), without God's either helping or hindering, and neither doctor nor patient are thought to have any share in the death. How many an illness, which, in the beginning might easily have been cured, has, through delay in seeking help, precipitated its victim into the grave? From these incontrovertible facts, and the many such examples which I have partly heard described, partly witnessed myself, I have come to the conclusion and belief that science, as well as ignorance, often bears the most decisive part, and that pious faith is often wrong in saying 'the hour had come.' I therefore believed that the merciful God would not condemn me if I shortened the sufferings of a miserable fellow-creature. This action is certainly, to outward appearance against all law, but in reality it rests upon grounds of compassion. My God, before whom I shall finally answer, knows this, and with deep contrition I feel myself worthy of the sore punishment of the civil law for the sinful compassion exercised towards the dead persons in the case."

If we understand this abstract reasoning aright, it is a very subtle reply in the Pastor Lindbach's mind to the argument for the divine sacredness of life which the rapid enlargement of medical science and the healing art might suggest.

We conceive him to have made up his mind that in the abstract, where the only prospect for a patient is unlimited suffering, it is humane to terminate it, and to have had one of those strange minds which can act in *vacuo* on its own solitary judgments, without needing the sanction of either general opinion or individual sympathy. Doubtless he asked himself whether it would not be right to consult the sufferers themselves; but then, in the case of some at least, he replied to himself that they were the victims of a superstition he had succeeded in overcoming in his own mind; that, if the temptation were too great to acquiesce in the proposal, they would perhaps be guilty of yielding, without a convinced conscience, to a mere selfish yearning to be rid of pain, whereas in him the act would be done for their benefit, not his own, and therefore be quite unselfish. This probably determined him not to ask their consent. Possibly he had often heard them wish for a "happy release" in God's own time, and had asked himself whether his own self-questionings on this subject might not prove to be God's providential instrument in shortening that time. This perhaps with respect to some of them. A sentence in his confession seems to point to some real discussion between himself and one of the victims on the subject, and to imply perhaps that in his case there was a prearranged agreement: "Respecting Lysen," he says, "men will likely reject my assertion of mercy, and call it selfishness in its grossest form, but those who knew his dreadful sufferings and our written agreements will admit my motives of pity." However this may have been, the mode of administering the poison was curiously characteristic of the whole process of thought by which the man had arrived at the conviction that it was right. He no doubt said to himself that if right at all, it was an act of solemn import, which he ought to perform in the sight of God, and as a religious service. The very fact that he was able to poison by means of the sacramental wine would almost convince him that it could not be an act of evil, that he was really doing it solemnly in God's sight, and with God's sanction. There is a power in most men's minds of comforting themselves in doing what they know, deep down in their hearts, to be wrong, by stating very explicitly to themselves that they are not ashamed of it, that they can speak of it in their prayers, confess it to themselves in their most solemn acts of thought, and, in short, act with regard to it precisely as if it were their noblest secret heroism. No doubt this was so with Lindbach. In administering this fatal sacrament his mind was probably trembling with excitement of half keeping up, half affecting to keep up, a secret understanding with God on the subject of this compassionate murder, and justifying itself every moment to itself by the religious solemnity of the manner by which the deed was done.

Perhaps the most curious thing about the whole transaction is, that when discovered and found guilty, Lindbach's sense of right gave way, and that he confessed to deep guilt, though guilt originating in an unselfish motive. But this is no doubt due to the returning health of mind caused by being rid of the burden of the awful secret. The mere excitement of having a private morality known to God and himself alone on the subject of murder, would be quite sufficient to keep up a sort of diseased faith in the accuracy of his intellectual conclusions—a faith likely enough to disappear whenever the electric insulation of his thought was disturbed by hearing the common sentiments of all around him on what he had done.

The most extraordinary feature in the frightful deceit put upon his own conscience by the Swedish murderer is, that he cheated himself into an atrocious crime without any apparent object of private gain. It is in this which distinguishes his case from that of Riembauer, described in one of Mr. Senior's republished essays. Riembauer was a German priest of the highest reputation for integrity and piety, who was convicted for murdering his paramour. She had threatened to expose him, and he cut her throat in order to save the credit of his sacred profession. If she had been allowed to carry out

her threat, "men would have lost confidence in their clergy," in Riembauer's words, "and some might have thought religion a fable." He acted on a principle learnt from a caustic teacher, that "honor is more valuable than life, and if it be lawful to protect one's life by destroying an assassin, it must obviously be lawful to use similar means to protect one's honor." Very much as the Swedish pastor admits his offence against the civil law, but maintains that God will approve the kindness of heart which dictated it, Riembauer said, "Her death has always been a source of great grief to me, though the motives which led me to effect it were praiseworthy."

Emigration in New York.

THE vast influx of emigration to this country within the past few months is without a parallel in our history. Castle Garden, in New York, which for years has been so admirably managed by the Commissioners of Emigration, through their efficient agent, Mr. Bernard Casserley, may justly be considered the grand depot, at which most emigrants landing on our shores are received and provided for. So thoroughly systematized are the several departments of that institution, that the chances for fraud upon the unsuspecting foreigners have nearly if not entirely vanished, and thieves, boarding-house runners and baggage smashers have no longer a "local habitation or a name" in that locality. This circumstance has tended very materially to increase emigration—the knowledge of protection of person and safety of property being known to the laboring masses abroad, who seek passage to the United States. Since the close of the rebellion, the arrivals at Castle Garden will average weekly not less than 4,000, with a steady increase in favor of this season over that of any other period in former years.

Agricultural Fairs.

THE season is now at hand when our farmers are beginning to think of their fall fairs, and from every appearance the contests of our "sons of toil" in their several branches of industry, both agricultural and mechanical, will prove this year of more than usual interest. Thus far all over the country we hear of good crops and the most encouraging prospects for the harvester.

There will be on exhibition this year at the many fairs for the display of agricultural machinery, many new and valuable improvements for the benefit of the farmer, which we shall notice in their turn as they are brought before the public. It has been truthfully said that a man lives wisely and beneficially for the world, who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before; then the machine which secures the crop with greater facility and security is of importance, and the improvements of which it is susceptible, and its better arrangements, are objects worthy of the deepest attention. The harvesters and mowers are powers in the land.

"HISTORICUS," a writer who has achieved a great and not wholly undeserved reputation as a writer on American affairs in the London *Times*, is out with a new letter in behalf of Jeff. Davis. He does not wish to have the arch repudiator and chief rebel hanged. He says that it would be wrong to inflict capital punishment upon the insurgent chiefs, because they were engaged, not in rebellion, but in civil war, and that according to Vattel they are therefore entitled to the treatment not of rebels, but of vanquished foreign foes. Very well, "Historicus" has appealed to Vattel, and to Vattel he shall go. In the very passage which he quotes, Vattel says that the term rebellion "is applied only to such an insurrection against lawful authority as is void of all appearance of justice." Now that the late insurrection here was void of all appearance of justice, we have evidence which, whether from the capacity or the competency of the witness, or the position which he held in that insurrection, cannot be gainsaid. Alexander H. Stephens, late Vice-President of the late so-called Confederate States, speaking in the State Convention of Georgia, January 18, 1860, of the proposed secession and insurrection, said:

"What reasons can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judges in the case; and what cause or one overt act can you name or point out on which to rest the plea of justification? What right has the North assumed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you to-day name one Governmental act of wrong deliberately and purposely done by the Government at Washington of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer. Now for you to attempt to overthrow such a Government as this, under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century, under which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety, while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquility, accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed, is the height of madness, folly and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote."

No man replied to Mr. Stephens then, no man has since then replied to him. Even he himself has never undertaken the task of bringing forward facts or reasons of any kind which would give that "appearance of justice" which Vattel insists upon as the condition of insurrection which is not rebellion.

There is a fearful locust plague in Syria. "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands," and they have descended upon the plain of Esdraelon and the neighboring country, consuming everything near Jaffa, Nazareth, and throughout Galilee apparently, as a regular army, with pickets thrown forward, main body and rear guard. The Rev. J. Zeller, missionary at Nazareth gives a striking account of their advance on the nursery gardens round that beautiful village. The whole population turned out to resist them, and kept off the advanced guard by immense fires round the vineyards, but when the body of the army came up every effort failed—they fell like a flood upon the land, and not for many hours longer was it possible even to keep them out of the houses by shutting every window and door. Every time a door opened to admit or let out any one, in rushed locusts like a draught of air, and at last they gave it up, and let the rooms swarm with them as did the outer country. Every green leaf is eaten up, milk and oil destroyed, and the only remaining provisions were corn and meat, which were very dear. The words of Exodus are once more literally fulfilled: "I will bring the locust unto thy coast; and they shall cover the face of the earth, that one cannot be able to see the earth; and they shall eat the residue of that which is escaped, which remaineth unto you from the hail, and shall eat every tree which growth for you out of the field; and they shall fill thy houses, and the houses of all thy servants."

The following story is told of Lord Brougham. It happened when Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister. Brougham was in the act of quitting the House of Lords, when he met Lord Montague in the lobby. The latter was accompanied by two very pretty young ladies, and as he accosted the veteran statesman, philosopher and lawyer, he cried out, "What, Brougham, going already? Why these young ladies have come to hear you speak." "Have they?" quoth the Lord of Vaux; "then they shall." And with that he returned to the House, leaving his friend to escort the ladies to the gallery. Lord Brougham took his seat, and waited his chance, which was not slow in arriving. A pause in the proceedings enabled him to get up and ask a question of the Prime Minister with regard to a matter of foreign policy. Lord Melbourne was an able man, but seldom prepared to ward off a surprise; he was non-plussed, and could only utter a few incoherent sentences, promising information at some future time. Upon this the Titan of debate, the Anteus of invective, arose and launched such a thunderbolt about the supineness and incapacity of the Ministry that the house was electrified, and every morning paper had a leader on the morrow about the damaging attack upon the Ministry. After this, Lord Brougham went home to his dinner, sufficiently rewarded in that he had gratified the wishes of two young ladies.

It was by the term "amber-colored" that Nero in his verses expressed the color of Poppaea's hair, from which we discover that this famous beauty was a blonde with auburn locks. Hair of this hue, therefore, became the fashion amongst the Roman ladies, for whom false fronts, obtained from female savages of Germany, were imported, or their own black locks changed into red, just as, in deference to a passing fashion, the hair of our own women is transformed into that color by the use of a powerful alkali.

THE LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW TELLS US:

"The War of Independence will in future be to the people of the United States what the recollections of distant school-days are to a man; the tremendous civil war is the period during which they have graduated, and taken rank among countries that have had losses, and that have a national debt and everything handsome about them. The sinking of these old memories, and we may hope in time, of some of the old grudges along with them, is so far a benefit, although it is a sad fatality that the one civil war should be put out of sight only by a second civil war amongst men still more intimately connected. In proportion to the severity of the trial, the exultation at its successful termination should take a more sober tone; there will be the less need of exaggeration about a war of which the plain facts have been eloquent enough."

THE Paris correspondent of the London Globe says, another prototype for President Abraham Lincoln has been found in Servius Tullius, by the National Committee in permanent sitting at Rome. Tullius was done to death by patrician daggers, for having raised the plebs to participation in power, and for having manumitted the slaves. To put on record the views thus taken on the Tiber, the committee has embodied its notion in a lapidary inscription, which for greater local significance they have caused to be deep cut in a fragment from the old tufa stone forming the ancient town boundary, *Agger Servii Tullii*, traces of which traverse the gardens of Sallust. This block they mean for presentation at Washington, in testimony of condolence with a free people, and the legend runs thus:

Abram. Lincolnio.
Region. federate. American. Presid.
Hunc. ex. Servi. Tullii. Aggere lapid. m.
Quo. utriusque. viri.
Libertatis. assertor. fortissimi.
Memoria. conjungatur.
Cives. Romani.

EMIGRATION *en masse* to this country is contemplated by the 15,000 Polish refugees now dispersed among the Swiss cantons, and they are in active communication with Washington, through their delegate, Kownikowski, about the terms on which they would be received as agricultural laborers in the states. The Helvetic Diet has already voted a subsidy to each emigrant of 108 francs, and it is expected that the French government will place some of its transport ships at their disposal for conveyance to their place of destiny.

In the late English elections, the aggregate Liberal vote was 124,924, the aggregate Tory vote

178,737; Liberal majority, 16,187. When we consider that only about one in seven of the intelligent men of Great Britain have the right of suffrage, it must be concluded that democratic ideas are making pretty rapid advancement in the kingdom.

THE London Times, which proclaimed the United States hopelessly bankrupt before the close of the first year of the war, sings now to this tune: "We do not suppose that the debt of the United States, great as it is, will crush the energies of the American people. They have overcome greater difficulties, and are not likely to be deterred by the less."

TOWN GOSSIP.

DEFALCATION is the order of the day. It was either fortunate or unfortunate, as the case may be, that the millionaire Ketchum should so completely crush the bank-clerk Jenkins, although the Delilah who ruined the former was speculation, and not the presiding Circe of a subterranean saloon. Still, the infatuation was equally fatal: one suffered his mind to be his tempter, and the other his senses. One great and suspicious fact, however, glares out of this hideous mental and moral ruin, and which is the stupendous carelessness and credulity of men whom we have hitherto been taught to look upon as the most suspicious and guarded of mortals. In the case of the bank-clerk we have the Arcadian spectacle of bank directors and chief cashiers taking the mere *ipse dixit* of a subordinate for such immense sums of money, that embezzlement almost loses its sneaking and petty larceny character, and rises to the ghastly staidness of villainy! In the other, we have a practiced broker, like Charles Graham, negotiating forged gold cheques, so clumsily manufactured, that there was no effort made to imitate the handwriting of the eminent firms forged upon, and whose very names were spelt incorrectly in several instances. Indeed, it was to this latter circumstance that the explosion was owing, one of the holders jocularly telling a friend that he did not know how to spell his own name. When the cheque was shown to him the merchant at once pronounced it a forgery. The brick thus loosened brought the superstructure of fraud down with a crash, which has shaken Wall street to "its centre." That these discoveries will make the moneyed public more careful we do not believe; it will be a nine days' wonder, like the Schuyler frauds, and then the worshippers of the golden calf will fall down with blinded eyes as usual, until some new revelation of rascality rouses them again. These things, however, will always occur in great commercial countries, and will be as speedily passed over, since it would be contrary to the spirit of mercantile enterprise to let a few casualties stop the great battle of Gain and Get. Like the fall of a general in action, he is carried off the field, and the conflict rages as before; but, despite the philosophy of speculation, the present opportunity should be improved by bank stockholders, and the money in the till coined.

We have had, also, during the week, another instance of the cruelty of sparing the life of a murderer. To that wicked tenderness shown by the public authorities to criminals we owe the murder of Policeman Walker, who was, while rescuing a woman from outrage, butchered by one of those monsters called rowdies. If the law cannot protect life and property from this privileged class of ruffians, Lynch law must. Certainly even the "order that reigned in Warsaw" is better than the saturnalia of blood and violence to which we seem to be fast drifting. But what else can happen in a city where the criminals elect the judges?

The breaking of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable has been a source of great regret to every one, although to a certain extent there was a half expectation that such would be the case. From what we can learn the cable was not as well made as the old one, and it is pretty certain had they succeeded in laying it the continuity would not long have been maintained. The lesson of both failures—more especially of this last one—seems to be, that if the cable is without a flaw it can be laid, always providing that proper care is used in the operation. On the recent occasion it is perfectly clear that the cable was not as well made as it ought to have been, and the ship was defective in tackle, saying nothing of the chafing of the cable against the side of the Great Eastern, which shows either carelessness or want of skill, each equally fatal to the success of such an undertaking. An admiral in the British service, in a letter to the London Times some two months ago, predicted the *fiasco* which has just happened, and declared that the only feasible plan was to commence laying it from the American side. We may also add that the cable should be manufactured by Americans, laid by Americans, owned by Americans, and have its *termini* on American ground, which can be done easily when the Fenians lake Ireland, James Miller, of Broadway, has published two very interesting and valuable books; one called "Our Farm of Four Acres;" and the other, "How to Get a Farm and Where to Find It." We do not know where so much pleasant agricultural reading is to be found as in these two admirable volumes. There is an anecdote of some ancient lecturer, either Lucian or Artemus Ward, that he discoursed so charmingly on marriage that the husbands ran home to their wives, and the bachelors to get married. We may apply this to the two volumes in question. These who have farms will like them, and those who haven't farms will get at once and invest in one.

A new sensation has broken out at the park. The visitors to this rural locality have been somewhat thrown off their coolness the past week, by the constant appearance over their heads of a gigantic, globular substance, which for some time was a puzzle in classification. Some asserted it to be a new moon, as yet uncatalogued, others put it down, or up rather, as one of the latest Wall street bubbles. The matter could not long escape elucidation under our Argus eyes, and the result was the discovery of, not the famous war elephant Hannibal as the show bills have it, but the famous war balloon, late of Potomac celebrity, under the pilotage of Professor T. S. C. Lowe, who has established himself at the corner of 6th avenue and 60th street, the late ground of the 5th avenue skating pond. Here he illustrates practically the inflation and ascension, and for a small *douceur* elevates the corporeal body 1,000 feet above the earth, giving the eyes such a sight of New York and its surroundings as they have never before had. Five minutes in the clouds, with the professor as a companion, is a sensation never to be forgotten, and something that will only be missed by those who are lost to all sensations.

The lovers of opera are discussing the new engagements made by a celebrated maestro, many of his new artists being unknown to the musical world. According to the enlightened Savan of a daily paper, novelty would be banished from the world of art, and established reputations would monopolize the stage till they reached the age of Methuselah. Pasta, Grisi, Malibran, Bosio, Jenny Lind and Mario at one time were unknown. The sapient critic himself who has made this wonderful

discovery at one time had never written, and was consequently unknown. At all events, no *impreario* can force upon a New York audience either singers or actors without their merit is undoubted.

There is nothing new at the theatres, except at the Winter Garden, where Barnum provides a change of performances every week.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A correspondent of the Illinois State Journal, who has traveled through the central portions of that State, says the wheat is not injured to exceed 20 per cent; oats are damaged but little, barley about 20 per cent; while corn is improved fully 20 per cent, by the late heavy rains. He thinks the corn-crop will be immense.

The present mayor of Fernandina, Florida, was elected by negro votes, and his election has been recognized by the highest judicial authority of the nation. This is the first and only case in Florida where the negroes have participated in an election.

The "Pug Uglies" and other rowdies, who once gave an unenviable reputation to Baltimore, says a correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, have disappeared. Some joined the rebels, others went to fight the rebels, and those who have returned, if any, are orderly citizens. A more quiet city on Sunday, a more church-going population, or a cleaner place the writer has not seen.

Diphtheria is a very troublesome and dangerous disease. A very easy remedy (as been found for it that will effect a speedy relief. Take a common tobacco-pipe, place a live coal in the bowl, drop a little tar upon the coal, draw the smoke into the mouth, and discharge it through the nostrils.

An effort is on foot to make Lafayette, Indiana, the best manufacturing city in the State. The scheme is to tap the Tippecanoe River about 12 miles from that city, and bring the water by a canal of sufficient capacity to be navigable for boats, and form water-power along the bluffs, on the opposite side of the river.

"The Poor Man's Saratoga" is the new name for Martha's Vineyard camp ground.

The income of the Girard estate, in Philadelphia, is now about \$200,000 a year, and still increasing. On the 1st of January, 1864, there were 445 pupils in the institution, and 563 on the 1st of January, 1865, when 37 vacancies existed.

Last Friday the Union Hotel at Saratoga entertained 1,490 people, who consumed 1,240 pounds of beefsteak, exclusive of other meats, and 400 quarts of ice cream.

The Postmaster-General, in re-establishing the mails at the South, will not renew the contracts on the old terms, which were often most extravagant. During the war the department has become self-sustaining, and a strong effort will be made to keep it so.

"Some of the negroes of the South," says a correspondent, "express great indignation if asked if they can support themselves." "If we raised enough for master and we, I s'pose we can raise 'nuff for we 'lone," is their answer, and the rich harvest now corroborates it. If asked whether they could be trusted to vote, they say, "Well, it might be dat we dun do 'nuff to vote, but one ting is shure, we can't trust de white people to do de law-making alone, cause dey are shure to cheat us out of our rights."

It is shown by the last census that there are 213 establishments in the United States for the manufacture of carpets, involving a capital of \$4,721,768, and working up annually material valued at \$4,417,988. The number of hands thus employed are given at 3,910 males and 2,771 females, to whom are paid \$1,546,692. The value of the annual product thus obtained is given at \$7,857,636.

A correspondent of the Newark (N. J.) Advertiser, describing the season at Lake George, says that at one of the hotels the servants' department is filled with colored men, neatly uniformed in white jackets, and every one skilled in his business. One of the best vocal and instrumental serenades ever heard was got up by them one mellow moonlight night, in front of the hotel. In answer to an inquiry, one of them replied that, out of the 40 or 50 waiters employed in the hotel, every one could read, and with one exception, all could write. Can you find the same number of white servants in any hotel in Saratoga or New York equally intelligent and well educated?

Speaking of the late election in Kentucky, the Louisville Journal says: "We have for some time been trying, not wholly without success, to convince ourselves that the number of actual rebels in soul has been inconsiderable since the close of the war; but in view of the results of last Monday's elections in some parts of Kentucky, we are apprehensive that we have been mistaken. Certainly some of the bitterest and boldest, or rather most audacious, of all the rebels and rebel sympathizers in the State, have been elected to the Legislature by large majorities—elected, not in spite of their being rebels, or quasi-rebels, but for the reason that they are so."

Foreign.—The proprietor of the Egyptian, published at Alexandria, has been compelled to stop the issue of his paper, in consequence of his Maltese compositors and workmen being panic-stricken and leaving the place on account of the cholera.

A rich foreign parvenu, a few days back, paraded in the Champs Elysees in a carriage drawn by six horses. Greatly to his astonishment, he was waited on shortly after his return home by a high functionary of the police, who told him that in France no one was allowed to use six horses except the sovereign. He complained that he could not have as many animals in his carriage as he pleased; but he was informed that if he again presented himself with six horses, the animals and the carriage would be seized, and he himself would be arrested.

A new opera by Halevy, entitled "Noah," is said to have been found among the posthumous papers of that composer.

George N. Sanders, the unabducted, now goes armed by permission of the authorities of Montreal, and wears a belt or girdle in which are slung his revolvers and a bowie-knife, while in his side pocket he carries his small revolvers, making his person quite an arsenal.

Abd-el-Kader has two wives, and no one is allowed to smoke in his house. A friend who has but one wife is allowed no larger liberty relative to smoking.

Prince Napoleon contemplates, it is said, a scientific voyage to Kamatchatka, in which he would be accompanied by several naturalists. It is in order to make the necessary arrangements on board the yacht in the event of this long voyage being undertaken that his Imperial Highness has just arrived at Havre.

The Queen of Madagascar has solemnly patronized crinolines, but with what would be considered by many to be the proof of her being a most enlightened sovereign, she has prohibited the use of it to any one else except the Princess Royal and the wife of the prime minister. The act of penance for the benefit of others is somewhat singular.

Four English tourists lately fell from the top of Mount Cervin, Switzerland, by the breaking of a rope by which they were trying to pass around a projection. They fell some 4,000 feet from rock to rock.

Chit-Chat.—Among modern curiosities of English literature is mentioned a small volume of poems, very tastefully printed, with this title, "Waiting at Table: Poems and Songs, by Robert Aude, a servant." The dedication ran thus: "To Robert Byrne, Esq., my good master, this volume of verses, composed in half hours snatched from sleep, and in spare moments during 'Waiting at Table,' is inscribed by his obedient servant, R. A." The verses are said to be quite as good as many issued under more pretentious circumstances.

A swimmer having made a bet of 500 francs with Count S— that he would swim in the Seine for 10 minutes, holding a book all the while in both hands and

reading aloud, gained his wager on the 25th of July, a considerable crowd of boats being collected in the river filled with persons anxious to see the feat.

An amusing incident occurred at the theatre in Albany while Gen. Grant and suite and a crowded audience were attending the play of the "Colleen Bawn." In the act where Mr. Lamb swings out over the water from a rope suspended from aloft, the actor made several daring but fruitless efforts to reach the rock he aimed at, and in the last and successful attempt, cried out, "I'll stick to this line, if it takes me all summer!"—which brought down the house with vociferous applause.

A witness in the police court at Troy a few days since, answered "no" so persistently to questions put to him, that the suspicions of the judge were excited, and on making inquiries he found the fellow was a Dutchman who did not understand another word of English.

"One of our worthy State senators," says the Nashville Dispatch, "was attacked by the side-walk of Cherry street last night, and driven to a door-step, where he sat until a late hour, awaiting for the pavement to recover its equilibrium."

MOUNT HECLA.

THE eruptions of this volcano have been chronicled since 1004 (A. D.) Twenty-four black-letter years appears in its calendar. There have been intervals of 74, 76 and 77 years between paroxysms; but few Icelanders who attained the ordinary term of life could expect to do so without hearing more than once that the terrible mountain was in labor. In 1300 the annals assert that Hecla was rent in its agony from top to bottom—yes, down to its very centre, they say; but the awful gash, now marked by a deep ravine, was partially healed by the collapse of the rock and the falling in of stony masses. During the convulsions of 1766, Sir Joseph Banks states that ashes were carried to a distance of 180 miles, that the cattle in the neighborhood were either choked by the noxious vapors or starved for want of food, and that when the stomachs of some were opened, they were discovered to be full of volcanic dust.

Besides Hecla, however, there are many burning mountains in this island, and some of them have played a still more mischievous part. From Krabla a stream of rotten rock was ejected between the years 1724 and 1730, and rushed into the lake Myvatn, where it killed the fish, dried up the waters, and continued to burn with a blue flame for several days. But there is no eruption so darkly renowned in Icelandic history as that of Skaptar Yokul in 1783. Skaptar is a mountain in the south-eastern quarter of the island, or rather it is a part of a cluster of mountains which seem to lay their heads together to bear up a huge snowy field apparently inaccessible to human foot. From an account published by Chief Justice Stephenson, who was sent by the Danish sovereign to hold an inquest, as it were, over the disaster (though his narrative has been charged with some exaggeration), it appears that throughout the system, or country in which this Yokul is situated, the ground was seized with shivering fits on the 1st of June, which increased in intensity from day to day, and seemed to forbode some hideous convulsion.

On the 8th, pillars of smoke were seen to shoot up amongst the hills, and speedily formed a great black blank in the air, from which sand and ashes fell so profusely, that at Sida the light was quite obscured, and the ground in the neighborhood covered to the depth of an inch. Terrible were the subterranean noises which were then heard. The sounds were like the thunder of meeting cataracts. The inhabitants left their houses in affright, and pitched their tents in the open fields. On the 10th, jets of fire were observed amongst the peaks to the north, and then a torrent of glowing lava burst from the volcano. Rushing in a southeast direction, it approached the river Skaptar, and dashed into its bed. Imagine the conflict which ensued between the two streams!

The struggle was fearful, but, hiesing in his death throes, the river god at last succumbed. In less than four-and-twenty hours that rapid torrent, swollen as it was, had ceased to exist. Its place was taken by the fiery invader. The lava not only filled the gorge through which the river ran, though in some places the banks were nearly 600 feet high, and 200 wide, but flooded the adjoining lands, and at last swallowed up pastures and houses with merciless voracity. Sweeping along the channel of the stream with awful impetuosity, the molten matter issued from amongst the hills, and seemed as if it would deluge the whole plain of Medalland.

Fortunately a great lake, or, as some say, an unfathomable chasm in the river, lay across its path. Into this it poured with a horrible noise for several days in succession; but when this reservoir was filled to the brim, the burning flood resumed its progress, and, dividing into various currents, burned up a number of farms and woods as it ran its mad but magnificent race. Now and then it spread over certain ancient lava tracts, and penetrating every fissure and cavern, produced the strangest effects; sometimes driving out the air through the chimneys with a horrible whistle, sometimes melting and firing the old deposits, and not unfrequently blowing up the crust and hurling great masses of rock to a considerable height. Huge blocks of stone, torn from their site, and heated till they became red-hot, were seen floating in the stream.

The water which came down from the fountains of the Skaptar, and from the melting snows, was intercepted on reaching the lava, and, boiling, overflowed many pastures and woodlands which the molten deluge had spared. Besides the river, numerous brooks and streams were dammed up by the torrents of lava, and many farms and buildings were consequently submerged. At Skali the people had seen the fiery tide approach, and waited breathlessly to learn whether it would be necessary to flee. To their great relief, it passed at a short distance; but on the 21st of June, the rivulets, which were distended by rain, and denied their usual outlet, attacked the church and village, and next morning the streaming waters were surging with violence over the drowned hamlet. In its attempts to reach Skali, the lava ascended the slope of the hill to some distance, rolling up its covering of moss as if it were a large piece of cloth folded by human hands.

Numerous eruptions from the volcano, between the 18th of June and the 13th of July, fed the fire streams with new material, and as the older effusions were now becoming stiffer and more consolidated, the fresher currents were seen rolling above them, until in some places the lava attained a thickness of 600 feet. The stupor of the water on the Skaptar river was dried up; but the molten water came down in its stead, and swept over the precipice in a splendid cataract of fire, filling up the enormous cavity at its base before it proceeded on its deadly way. At the commencement of August, the lava, which had now choked up the Skaptar river, and swamped the neighboring grounds, struck off to the north-east, and poured into the Haversfiot—a stream almost equal in size and nearly parallel in course.

Great was the consternation of the people who lived on its lower banks to see it begin to fume, to find it grow excessively hot, and then to observe it disappear altogether. What could they expect? They knew what had happened in the adjoining district, and gloomily awaited the appearance of the enemy. Down he came. Herded by lightnings and thunders, signified by pillars of fire and smoke in the distance, he dashed furiously along the bed of the river, steaming over its banks, and then, having reached the open country, spread his glowing waves across the plain to the distance of four miles within the space of a single evening.

Continuing to flow until the end of August, the invader licked up some farms, drove the inhabitants from others, and spread devastation wherever he appeared. For several years afterwards the vapor still arose from particular spots, as if the fury of the intruder were even then unsatisfied. It was not until February, 1784, after ejecting a prodigious quantity of lava, from the entrails, greater perhaps than ever issued from the volcano before, that the mountain returned to its ordinary condition.



THE LATE JOHN HUTCHINGS, PILOT OF THE FIRST STEAMER BUILT BY JOHN FITCH.—FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

JOHN HUTCHINGS, The First Steamboat Pilot.

ONE by one of the aged men whose lives have served to make the history of our country are passing away, and soon there will be nothing left to us but the printed record of their deeds, and the cherished remembrances of their personal virtues. Mr. John Hutchings, of Williamsburg, L. I. (Brooklyn, E. D.), died at his residence on the 24th ult., in the 84th year of his age. He was a man the community could ill afford to lose. His blameless life and extensive knowledge of events of the greatest moment in our history which transpired under his observation, made him one whose acquaintance and friendship was prized by all.

Mr. Hutchings was of English descent; was born in Northcastle, Westchester County, New York, in the year 1782, and received an ordinary school education in his native town. His parents removed to New York before he was 16 years of age, where, while yet a mere boy, we find him assisting the inventor, John Fitch, in his experiments in applying the propulsive power of steam to boats. These experiments were made on the old Collect Pond, which lay where the "Tombs" now stands. He acted as steersman on the first vessel built by Mr. Fitch, and consequently may be termed the oldest steamboat pilot



THE LATE SIR E. P. TACHE, PREMIER OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SKEATON.



ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHURCH HILL, RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. BECKER.

in this country. Having the entire confidence of the inventor, he was familiar with his plans and designs, and has always contended for the priority of John Fitch's claim to the great honor of introducing the use of steam as a propelling power for boats, over that of Robert Fulton. In 1846 Mr. Hutchings published the well-known chart, representing the Collect Pond and vicinity, as it formerly appeared. The work contained a pictorial illustration of the first boat and its machinery.

He also published a fac-simile of the original account kept by George Washington with the United States, from 1775 to 1783, which was very widely circulated.

Mr. Hutchings had a mind full of enterprise, and was engaged in various pursuits during his life, but mainly in the cooperage business. He was a zealous member of the Order of F. & A. M., and was chaplain of Hyatt Lodge, No. 205. Mr. Hutchings was always much interested in the education of the young, and labored

zealously to establish a system of public schools. This patriarch, so loved and honored by all who knew him, was buried with Masonic honors, on the 28th ult., in the cemetery of Evergreens, Brooklyn, L. I.

REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR.

We present this week a portrait of the Rev. Stephen H. Tying, Jr., son of the distinguished rector of St. George's Church, New York. The subject of our sketch was born in Philadelphia, June 28th, 1839; graduated at Williams' College, Mass., in 1858, and would have finished his theological course in the seminary in Fairfax County, Va., had not the opening war obliged him to leave that State. For sometime he held the position of chaplain of the 12th Regiment N. Y. S. M., and accompanied that gallant regiment to Harrisburg when called to the defence of Pennsylvania. In person Dr. Tying is of the average height, full face, genial expression and commanding mien. He has quick, nervous temperament; is decidedly able for his years, and is exceedingly zealous in his Christian work. He evidently takes for his models men of the stamp of his father, and desires to establish a fame based on substantial acquirements rather than sensational eccentricities. Dr. Tying is now the rector of the Holy Trinity Church, Madison Avenue, New York, a sketch of which we give in the present issue.

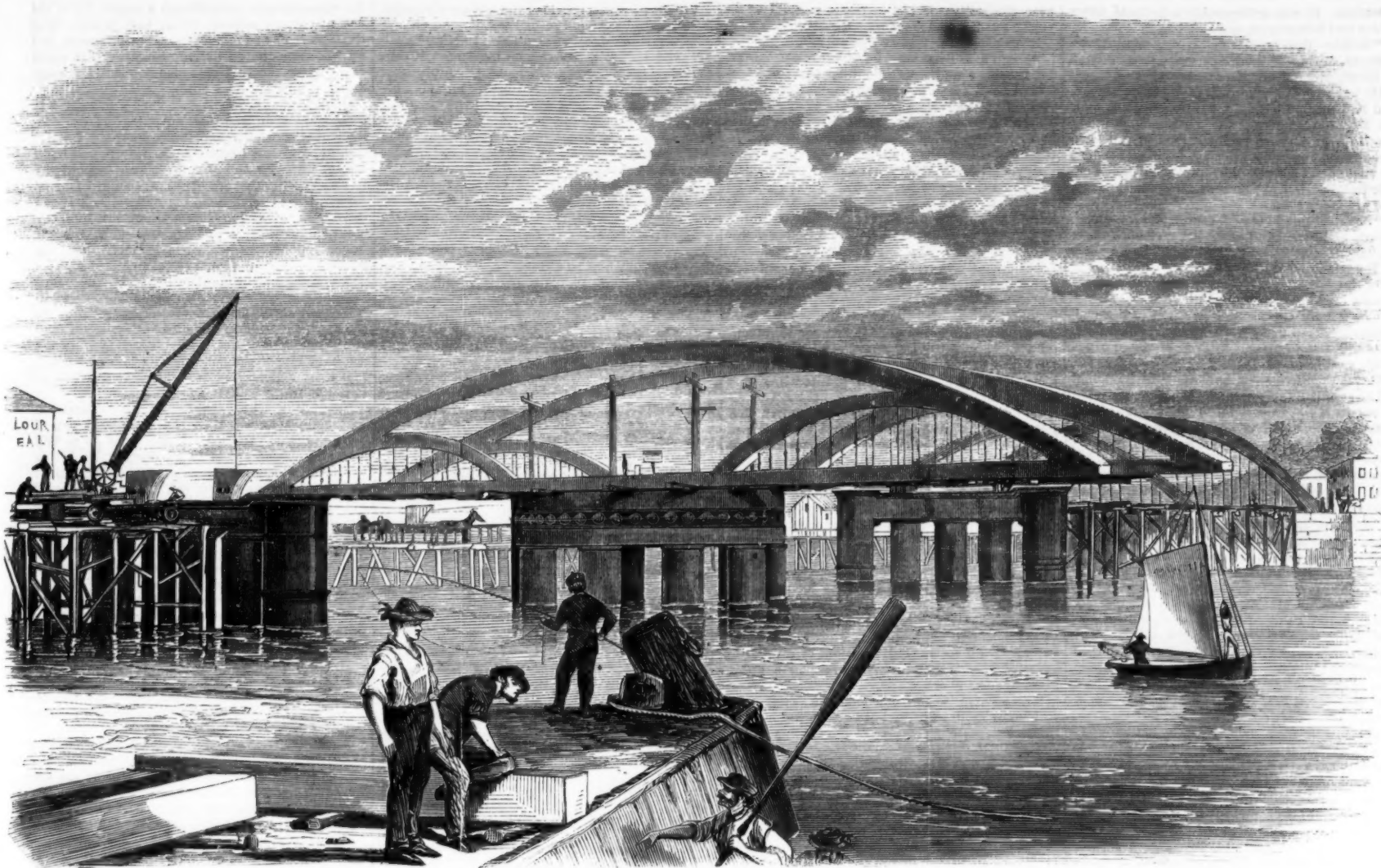
A CANDIDATE at an election, who lacked eloquence, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great things, got up and said: "Electors of G—, all that he has said I will do."



REV. E. TYNG, JR., RECTOR OF THE CHURCH HOLY TRINITY, NEW YORK CITY.



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, MADISON AVENUE, CORNER OF FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE NEW IRON BRIDGE, HARLEM, N. Y.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

THE orange blossoms wreath my brow,
My finger wears the bridal token,
The holy rite hath all been said,
The binding words have all been spoken;
While life endures, till death us part
Thro' joy and sorrow, good and ill,
I'll bear thy image in my heart—
I'll cling to love—obey thee still;
My hopes all centre now in thee,
And henceforth thou my fate wilt be.



Think not I speak with doubting heart,
Or turn regretful to the past;
Deeming these early joyous days
Too glad, too bright to last.
Ah, no! I know thee all too well,
Too earnest is my faith in thee,
I would but show thee what thou art,
The very light of life to me.
Earth has no happier fate beside
For me than this—to be thy bride.

And it is mine; I am thy own,
Forever thine, what'er betide,
From all life's griefs, in all life's cures,
Thy love my shield, thy truth my guide,
I have no hope, I have no thought,
I have no wish thou dost not share.
My being is wrapped up in thine,
Thy name is in my every prayer;
Thy own true heart, thy faithful breast,
My home, my refuge and my rest.

Cad's Correspondence.

BY F. PALMER.

HALF-A-DOZEN young fellows, junior officers of the gunboat Broadside, were lounging wearily about their mess-room one winter evening during the rebellion, seeking to dissipate their low spirits in clouds of smoke and occasional volleys of imprecations at the stupidity of service on the

blockade, at their late ill-luck in prizes, at the weather, the fare, and such other items as go to make up the sum of masculine infelicity.

"Nothing to eat!" "Nothing to chase!" "Nothing to do!" were the peevish ejaculations that came successively through moustaches bristly and silky, black and brown.

"Not even a mail!" was one's laconic lament.

"No; no letters for a fortnight!" came disconsolately in response.

"Nobody, for my part, to write any," added Lieutenant Lyle, in a tone of philosophic dejection.

"Nor I—except my governor, who sends me a foolscap of advice once in a while, or some old friend, who considerably recalls himself and his little debt to my recollection, now that I am serving Uncle Sam, and, consequently, 'flush'!"

Just then one of the party, wearing an Assistant-Surgeon's insignia, was twisting a wisp of paper with which to light a fresh cigar. Something upon it seemed to engage his attention.

"Boys," said he, in a moment, "on the principle that the devil's always near when you're talking about him, here's a suggestion of a remedy for ennui. Listen, ye disconsolate, it's better than most of my prescriptions."

And Dr. Breck read:

"Two young ladies, of loverless leisure, wish to

correspond with any number of young gentlemen. Sincerity no object."

"Oh, that's stale trumpery, doctor. Give us something new, if you are going to prescribe," said one.

"Yes, I should think so," sneered Langdon Lyle, who was a New Yorker, and had been at Paris and Vienna, and sincerely thought himself *blasé* at twenty-five. "Of all despicable modes of entertainment, these anonymous correspondences seem to me the most insane. As if any woman, with whom one would deign to flirt, if acquainted, would waste her stationery and sentiment in such a way!"

"Don't be too disdainful," said Dr. Breck; "I've seen some fun result from these things."

The doctor was authority in adventures, a gay-hearted, popular fellow withal, so the majority listened favorably.

"Well, come on, doctor, and tell us the way," said one. "Fun's what we want."

"Now, for instance," said Breck, leaning back, with half-closed eyes, and speaking between whiffs, "if we should insert, jointly, an advertisement for a correspondent, in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER say, and then divide the replies before opening them, why some of us might—"

"Yes, yes!" chorused the desperate group.

"It's a good idea, after all, and, at any rate, would

give us something to expect beside eight bells and salt beef."

"And such beef!" said Lyle, meditatively.

So this pocket edition of "Les Misérables" spent the long December evening in concocting an advertisement. It was written and rewritten, quarrelled over, put to vote, and really proved in itself quite a fruitful source of diversion to all but Lieutenant Lyle, who emphatically declared he "would none of it," and resolutely sulked away the hours in supreme contempt at the interest his mess-mates exhibited in the matter.

But the advertisement was dispatched, and in



LIEUTENANT LYLE READING CAD'S LETTERS.

due time appeared in print, and in time also was rewarded by a flock of missives in reply, as if St. Valentine had suddenly assumed the patronage of the Broadside.

To Dr. Breck, as instigator of the scheme, fell, of course, the privilege of portioning these replies among the expectants.

"Come, Lyle," he said, coaxingly, "take your share," and he tossed towards the Lieutenant a long, narrow, cream laid envelope, stamped with a crest.

The recipient had not been wholly proof against the contagion of excitement; perhaps, also, a slight taint of constitutional curiosity (inherited from his mother) prompted concession. He turned the letter a few times rather contemptuously in his fingers, and at length broke the seal.

Dr. Breck watched him with wicked eyes.

He read the contents rather carefully, in spite of his supercilious smile, and really they commanded



LIEUTENANT LYLE'S INTERVIEW WITH "MISS RAPELEYA."

attention. It was indisputably a brilliant letter which had fallen to his share.

"Rather—that is, a trifle—strong-minded," he thought, during his second perusal; "but written so clearly and daintily."

He was sure the writer had pretty taper fingers, and had written with a jewel-tipped gold point. He fell to considering the surroundings under which the pages were probably penned, fancied a lace-draped bow window, or a rose-tinted boudoir, an inlaid desk, a spray of heliotrope in a glass beside it. And then the face, violet eyes, probably, and not much color.

"Bah!" he ejaculated, coming down from his reverie to the smoke-filled room, the red-hot stove, the odious carpet pattern, and the distorted eagle on the table spread.

"I say, boys," he cried out, "how good a pretty woman would look to us, eh?"

"We'll have their *cartes de visite* next time," responded some one, in an absent-minded tone, without looking up from the purple-tinted pages of his epistle.

The more Lieutenant Lyle thought he would not be so silly as to answer this letter, the more he felt as if he wanted to. Finally, his inclinations got the better of his principles, and with elaborate care he committed himself to paper.

The reply which came did not disappoint his expectations. It was delightful. There was freshness, enthusiasm, piquancy and literary ability in every line.

"Remarkable," thought Lyle, "for a woman. It has but one fault: there's a trifle too much of the *seigné* sometimes in the style," and he found himself spending hours upon the answers.

Regularly the exchange went on, and with time the one fault he had noticed gradually disappeared.

The signature changed from "respectfully, Caroline Rapelyea," to "your friend, Cad." The slightest perceptible tone of sentiment displaced the somewhat lofty strain of the earlier letters, even deepening, as the months wore away, into a half tenderness, but, as though unconsciously, or against the writer's will. These letters were, maybe, less brilliant than the first, but certainly they suited Lieutenant Lyle's present mood a good deal better. Yet even to himself he would hardly admit his interest in them.

"Well, Lyle," Dr. Breck would sometimes say, in a jeering, quizzical way, "has it got as far as the Platonic, yet?"

At which Lyle invariably frowned in silence. And when the others begged that he would show his anonymous letters, as they did theirs, and declared that his course was unfair, he frowned in silence again. Then Dr. Breck said, a little exultantly, it seemed that the case was serious and must really be let alone. It was in vain, however, that Langdon solicited a picture of his incognita.

"Impossible! impossible!" was the only reply. Also when spring approached and he conceived hopes of a "leave," he wrote to ask if he might not visit "Miss Rapelyea?" but the lady's arch and erudite reply was "you remember that our 'only object' was a correspondence, not an acquaintance."

"But you have signed yourself 'my friend'; you have yourself abandoned the ground of being merely my correspondent," wrote the logical Lyle, to which the lady with total renunciation alike of grounds and arguments, responded:

"I'm afraid you'd better not come."

This, though, was not discouraging. Having Miss Rapelyea's address, Lyle believed he should easily discover the true name of his correspondent, whom, now, to see, had become an inspiring interest, which gave zest to his anticipation of going home.

Early in April Dr. Breck and he received, each, his leave of absence, and sailed together for New York.

There, at home, Langdon dallied for ten of those swift twenty days, which are golden grains in the glass of many a destiny, and then one morning, under a vague impulsion, took a train on the Hudson River road, and in less than a couple of hours had reached "Miss Rapelyea's" date, and his own destination.

Lounging upon the hotel piazza, waiting for something to turn up, he beheld Dr. Breck. They were mutually astounded.

"What on earth are you doing here?" demanded Lyle, with a vague uneasiness and sense of "being caught."

"Why, I'm at home; but what are you doing?" Langdon faced his position. He might invent a lie, take the next train out, and give up the quest and the correspondence, and let the whole thing drop where it was.

But he didn't want to! So he took the doctor into his confidence. He was just the one to help him, and there was no use being "sheepish" about it.

"Breck," said he, "that girl I've been corresponding with lives here, and I'm bound to find her. Will you help me?"

A puzzling expression came across the doctor's face; a sort of reflection of Langdon's at their meeting.

"Why," said he, rather slowly, "I'll do what I can."

Just then a group of school girls went by, on the opposite side of the way, not without some furtive glances at their uniforms, brilliant in the morning sunshine, on the hotel stoop.

Lyle's eyes accidentally followed them.

"There," said he, "I wish that were she—the one in the little black hat; I like her looks."

Breck turned.

"Why that's—that's—that's—" but he did not conclude the sentence, and began asking his perplexed friend some irrelevant questions, and shortly excused himself, saying he would come back in an hour and report progress.

Langdon wondered what made the doctor so glib.

"I say, Breck," he called after him, "you

were the instigator of the frolic, and I'll think you're mean if you don't help me out."

Breck's look was that of a moral vincer.

"You'll hear from me," he said, hastily.

"I believe he knows who it is," thought Lieutenant Lyle, as he paced the piazza, thinking of various things; of some of his correspondent's sentences, of the jaunty little black hat which had gone by, and of it's pretty wearer, until a boy handed him note.

His heart really beat rather fast as he looked at it. The writing was not "Cad's," but it ran:

"I learn, through Dr. Breck, that you are in town, and wish to see me. You may call at the corner of Willow and Elm streets, and ask for 'Miss Rapelyea.'"

Lieutenant Lyle repaired to his room and consulted his mirror. He was really a handsome fellow, and his gold banded sleeves, untarnished buttons, and tasteful cap were certainly prepossessing. He felt in good humor for an adventure.

On the corner of Willow and Elm streets he knocked at the door of a substantial brick cottage, and asked for "Miss Rapelyea," as directed. He gave the servant his card—"Langdon Lyle, U. S. N."—and was shown into the parlor.

It was not the boudoir he had conjectured, but still a cozy and tasteful room. There were piles of books, some prints, a landscape—small but exquisite, by Frère—an open piano, new music, and masses of delicate, flaky, early flowers in various receivers. The soft, moist April air came through an open window, and a clear fire burned in the grate.

Langdon felt a sense of an exquisite presence. The door opened, and he rose to greet his incognita.

"Miss Rapelyea?" he advanced—faltering and finally held out his hand, bowing low to conceal the shock he received at the sight of a tall, ungraceful woman who wore her hair in a knob, glasses, and a check apron.

"Lieutenant Lyle," she said, pleasantly but rather shrilly, "I was unwilling to have you disappoint yourself by coming to see me. My gifts are only those of the mind."

"Madam," said the lieutenant, with a gasping attempt at gallantry, "for the charms of those alone I have sought this interview."

His elaborate politeness in contrast with his discomfited appearance were irresistibly ludicrous. "Miss Rapelyea" burst into a hearty laugh, and Dr. Breck stood revealed in the disguise.

Langdon started with hot anger, his hands clenched, his eyes flashing.

"Breck," said he, "dare you—"

"Lyle, old fellow, forgive me. I never meant the joke to go so far. I forbade you to come; I—"

At this moment the door was opened by a girl of perhaps sixteen; her cheeks aglow; her hands filled with wild flowers, and a black jockey hat hanging by broad ribbons down her back.

"Cad!" said Breck, as one speaks to a child about to intrude.

But the girl stopped at the door-way and gazed at the doctor's strange figure, in astonishment.

"Cad!" echoed Langdon, as if the word electrified him; and the two gazed at each other as if for explanation.

"It is my cousin, Miss Rapelyea," the doctor was forced to say.

"And I, Miss Rapelyea, am Langdon Lyle," said the lieutenant, with effrontery. And then, with sudden resumption of good humor: "Come, Breck, we must square this matter somehow. Pray, come in, Miss Rapelyea."

But the girl stood like a *tableau vivante*, or a statue, or a young lady very much astonished.

Lieutenant Lyle there! Her cousin in that absurd dress! The angry words and faces she had broken in upon! It was incomprehensible. She looked as if about to retreat.

Langdon darted forward.

"Pray, Miss Rapelyea, come in for one moment, I beseech you. Your cousin has been playing some cruel tricks upon me, and as your name has been used, you should be interested in the explanation."

Miss Rapelyea flushed crimson. She darted at Lieutenant Lyle a look of absolute entreaty, as she came into the room, scattering her flowers heedlessly along the carpet.

"Now, Breck," said Langdon, "what does this all mean? What have you been up to?"

"Well," said the doctor, trying to make the best of his part, "I just thought I'd like to exchange letters with you for pastime, we were so dull down there, and thus convert you to the doctrine of correspondence; so I very imprudently employed my little cousin to carry out the joke. I assure you, Lyle, I never intended it should go so far."

"And you used to send your cousin draughts to copy, to me?"

"Yes."

"And how do you know that your draughts correspond with the letters I received?" and Langdon remorselessly stole a look at Miss Cad, who turned very white.

"We can compare them," said Breck, rather stiffly. "And if—"

"Oh, Charlie!" burst from Cad's lips, "I—I—sometimes—"

"Never mind, Miss Cad," said Langdon, reassuringly, "he shall never see them."

"At least, Lyle, you'll acquit me of any attempt to bring you here," said Breck, with one look of reproach at the guilty Cad.

"My dear fellow, I'll bless you for it till the end of my life."

"Well, there's no use—I've learned one lesson from the volume of practical jokes," said the doctor, with a crest-fallen air.

"With pleasure, provided you put on a costume better suited to your age and sex."

The doctor went off to unrig! Miss Rapelyea and Langdon were alone together. He approached the piano, by which she stood plucking nervously at the flowers she held. Langdon beheld the realization of his fairest dream. Such deep, violet eyes, as he had once seen in a picture and which had haunted him since, such golden waves of hair, arched brows and tender lips as he had often fancied but never found.

A delicious rapture surged in his breast. He lapsed into sweet reverie, gazing at this fairest face. Suddenly their eyes met. It was an instant of mutual embarrassment. Then the young man took one of the small white hands from their work of destruction, and held it close in his.

"Cad," he said, in a low penetrating tone.

"Oh, Mr. Lyle," sobbed the girl, "have I done very wrong? I liked your letters so much, and—and it seemed—"

"Cad—my sweet Cad," said our Lieutenant, "do you think you could like me?"

A swift tide of crimson swept over the pure face. The dark eyes rested for one exquisite instant on Lyle's, and then Cad suffered the gold-banded sleeve to steal around her waist, her slight form yielded to her lover's pressure, and she shrank against his breast.

"Oh, Langdon, it seems as though we must have been acquainted a long, long time," she faltered.

"Dearest," he answered, "when souls have met, as ours have, the eyes they look through must needs seem familiar."

Langdon did not consider, probably, that a dull or indifferent pair of eyes are not quite as apt to inspire these soul recognitions as brilliant ones.

The rapturous silence of newly uttered love stole over their hearts and sealed their lips. That is, they stood very close, very happy, and quite silent in the warm, wooing, noon-day air, till Breck's coming footstep startled them. Then with that conscious and unmistakable look upon their faces, they turned apart as the doctor opened the door, and Cad, with cheeks aflame, brushed by him, out of the room.

Breck's quick glance read what had been plain to a duller one.

"Langdon," said he, "you've got the best of my joke."

"Decidedly, Breck."

VRAI AMOUR.

I HEAR a voice, and tremble at the tone,
A coming step, to me familiar grown,
Makes my tongue falter, but the heart will speak,
Flaunting its signals o'er a blazing cheek.

I touch his hand and with it comes a thrill,
Fluttering and quivering, as the Aspens' will.
When their shy leaves receive the south-wind's kiss,
And rustling whisper back their tender bliss.

He speaks my name—and then it seems to me
Like the refrain of some rich melody,
Heard through the night-fall of a summer-day,
When stars and fire-flies light the dimming way.

His eye meets mine—swiftly the curtain falls.
Ah, me! the messengers have crossed the halls,
And, with white feet, go wandering through
my soul,
Printing sweet pictures on its waiting scroll.

Absent from him, e'en the most glorious day
Seems dark with clouds, and pulseless drags away;
Seen by his side, the very clouds look bright,
And all earth gladdens in love's perfect light.

How We Trapped the Burglars.

WE lived in a street, at the time in which my tale is laid, within five miles of the Battery, and the dark month of December was upon us. Robberies had been frequent in our neighborhood, and no less than three houses out of the ten in the street had been entered by burglars and robbed, and yet no discovery of the thieves had taken place. So ably, also, had the work of entry been accomplished, that in no case had the inmates been alarmed; and it was not until the servants descended in the morning that the discovery of a robbery was made.

In two out of the three cases, an entrance had been effected through a pantry-window, by removing a pane of glass, and cutting a small hole in the shutter. This window was on the ground-floor, and could easily be reached, therefore, from outside. In the third robbery, an upper window was entered by means of a knife which forced back the fastening, and of course allowed the sash to be raised.

So rapidly had these robberies occurred, that the whole neighborhood was alarmed. The police shook their heads, and looked knowing, but did nothing; and what was much to be lamented, failed to find any clue to the robbers, who, they at the same time asserted, were evidently not regular cracksmen.

Affairs had reached such a stage, that we used to sleep with a revolver close to our bedside, when we happened to have a friend who came to stay with us a few days. This friend was an old jungle-hunter, and was *au fait* at every artifice by which the animal creation might be captured. He was delighted at the idea of having an adventure with burglars, and scorned the belief that they were more than a match in cunning for even the average bush-hunter. It was in vain that we assured him it was an axiom that an accomplished robber could effect an entrance into any house; and that

instruments were used of such a nature as to cut holes in doors without noise, and, in fact, that through roofs and sky-lights, down chimneys, and up water-spouts, an accomplished burglar could easily enter the best defended house in the kingdom.

Our friend's argument was, that a burglar was a man on watch, who took advantage of the residents being asleep and unsuspecting; "but," said he, "let my suspicions be raised, and I will defy any burglar to enter my house without my having due warning; because, although I may be asleep, still, I shall hear his approach, and can then make my arrangements to welcome him."

Although we were not desirous of having our house robbed, yet we wished much that our friend's confidence should be taken out of him.

A few days after this conversation, the police informed us that several suspicious characters had been seen about, and recommended us to be on the alert. Here, then, was a good opportunity to test my friend's skill and wakefulness; so, having informed him of the policeman's warning, I asked him if he felt confident to undertake the defence of the house.

"Certainly," he replied; "I only demand a dark-lantern, and stipulate that you have a pair of slippers beside your bed. I also must go to bed last, and no servant is to go down stairs before me in the morning; nor is any one to walk about during the night; then I will defy the burglars."

Thus it was agreed that my friend was to act the part of guardian, and was to commence his charge on the ensuing night.

Three nights had passed, and no alarms had occurred, and no robberies taken place; we began to think our alarms had been groundless; but our friend said that now was the very time to be most guarded, for that no wise burglar would rob when he was expected; besides, he said, we have not had a windy night yet; it is when doors and windows rattle, and the chimney rumbles, that robberies are best effected, not when every strange noise is audible; thus, he said, he did not give up hopes of yet having something to say to the robbers before his visit terminated.

I usually sleep very lightly, and therefore awoke readily upon hearing a tap at my bedroom door during the fourth night of our watch. It was my friend's voice that answered me, and we were requested to come out at once.

"As soon as I strike a lucifer match," I replied. "Nonsense, man; a light will spoil the whole thing. Come in the dark; slip on a dressing-gown and your slippers, and come at once."

I was soon provided as he wished, and ready to descend the stairs in the dark.

"Now, remember," said my friend, "there are seven steps to the first landing, twelve others afterwards, and the fourth step creaks abominably, so be careful to descend without noise."

The night was boisterous, and many a window and door shook and rattled, so that the slight noise we made in descending the stairs was not sufficient to have alarmed even the most keener listener. We descended to the ground-floor, entered the pantry, and then, standing perfectly still, devoted ourselves to listening.

In a very few seconds we heard a grating noise on the shutter, then an interval of quiet, and again a noise; presently the window was gently raised, and again all was quiet. The noise of a heavy vehicle passing the house seemed to afford an opportunity for a more decided effort, for while the rattle of the wheels was loudest, a crack sounded from the shutter, and we could hear that the bolt was forced, for the shutter was gently moved.

"Don't stir till I do, and hold your breath if possible," whispered my friend in my ear.

I found the latter a difficult request to comply with, for my heart was beating with rapidity, and thumping against my ribs in the most excited way still I stood quiet, and trusted to my friend.

Nothing could be more cautious than the proceedings of the robbers; the shutter was pushed back in the most slow and steady manner; had there been even a bell fastened to it, I doubt whether it would have been made to ring. At intervals there was a rest from work, evidently for the purpose of listening, and then one of the robbers placed his leg across the window-sill, and lightly descended into the pantry.

The night, even out of doors, was very dark, and in the corner where we stood it was black as Erebus, our forms, therefore, were quite undistinguishable, and the only chance of discovering us was by touching or hearing us.

The first burglar was soon followed by a second, whilst we could hear that a third, who was outside, was to remain there on watch.

"Now let's light up," said number two.

"Not yet, till you push the shutter to," replied the other, "or the glim 'll be seen; then you come and hold the box."

The shutter was quietly pushed to, and both robbers moved away a few paces from the window by which they had entered. By the quiet way in which they walked, it was evident that they were either without shoes or had on India-rubber coverings. Of their size or weapons we could see nothing, and I began to doubt whether our position was an agreeable one, as I was armed only with a sword, a weapon, however, I knew how to use; whilst of my friend's means of offence or defence I knew nothing.

I had not long to wait, for a lucifer was struck by one of the men immediately, and the room consequently lighted up; at the same instant my friend drew up the slide of the dark lantern, and flashed the light on the faces of the two men, at the same time showing the muzzle of a revolver pointed towards them.

"If either of you move I'll put a couple of bullets in him," said my friend, as he placed his back against the window by which the men had entered. "Now drop that crow-bar," he continued, in a voice of authority; "down with it; and you," he said to me, "pull open the shutter, and show for the police."

The idea that is usually entertained of a burglar—

is, that he is a man of great size, strength, and daring, and that he would in an encounter annihilate any moderate man. When, then, the light revealed the faces and forms of the men we had captured, our humble self, although no great pugilist, yet felt able to defeat either of them if it came to a matter of fists; and I must own that the pale and astonished faces of the men were not indicative of any very great courage.

Our shout for police was shortly answered; and the burglars having been subdued by the sight of the revolver—the muzzle of which pointed first at one then at the other—were captured by the police, three of whom were speedily on the spot, and conveyed them to the lock-up; whilst we and a detective who had been brought down some days previously, examined the details by which the men had effected an entrance.

"You were very lucky to hear them, especially on such a night," said the detective; "when once they're in they move like mice. We know them, and I expect they'll get seven years."

The man was about correct, for one, the older offender, was sentenced to six, the other to five years' penal servitude.

"It will, I suppose, be of no use trying to sleep again to-night, for it is three o'clock," said my friend.

"I cannot sleep," was my reply; "and I am dying to hear how you found out that these men were approaching the house."

Being, then, of one mind, we partly robed ourselves, lighted a fire in the kitchen, and soon being provided with cigars and grog, got very comfortable, and satisfied with our work. My friend then began his account, which he gave much in the following words:

"The burglar, as I told you, has usually the advantage of surprise; he can select the time at which he makes his attack, and if his proceedings are carried on cautiously, he enters a house before he is heard. Few men would, however, venture to do so, unless they previously had good information as to the interior arrangements of the house; this they obtain either from servants, tradesmen, or some one who visits the locality; or they come themselves as tramps, or with some trifle to sell. Thus, if there are bells attached to doors or windows, they find it out; and they know tolerably well the domestic arrangements of the locality they purpose trying their skill upon. There are, too, conventional methods of protecting a house, such as bolts, bars, chains, locks, &c., all of which require merely time and proper instruments to overcome. It therefore occurred to me that novelty and simplicity combined would be more than a match for the coarse intellect of a burglar, and thus I made my plans, which, you see, answered very well."

"No doubt about that," we replied.

"Well now, come up to my room," he continued, "and see the apparatus."

We entered his room, and there, close beside his pillow, was a tin box, in the bottom of which was a key.

"This is nearly all the apparatus," he said; "but you notice some thread fastened to the key; trace that thread, and you will find that it passes through that small hole in the sash; from there it goes down to the back-yard; and now you will comprehend my plan. I knew that no man could approach the back part of the house without walking up the back-yard, which is only four yards wide. I therefore tied across the back-yard, and about two feet from the ground, some fine black thread; this was made fast on one side, but slipped through a loop, and led up to my window on the other. The thread then passed through the hole I had bored in the window-sash, and was then made fast to this key. Under the key I placed the tin box, you see; and over the key was a bar, to prevent its being dragged up more than six inches. Each night, before I went to bed, I just drew the string tight, and fastened it in the yard, taking care to free it before morning, so as to keep the plan a secret. If, then, a man, or anything above two feet high, walked up the yard, the string was pressed against the bar, the key was drawn up sharply against the bar, and the string broken, when the key, of course, fell into the tin box, making quite noise enough to wake me. Immediately the string or thread broke, it would fall to the ground; and the person who had done all this would not have felt anything, the resistance being so slight. I must own I should have preferred horse-hair to thread, but as it was, the latter answered very well. I was fast asleep when the key fell, but immediately awoke, and taking my lantern outside my door, lighted it, and came to you, for I knew that a man only in the back-yard could have dropped my key. So now you see how the burglars were trapped, for you know all the rest."

"Certainly, you succeeded, and so we ought not to be critical," we replied. "But suppose they had entered by the front window instead of by the back, how then?"

"You see this thread," he said, grasping one that was near the door; "pull it."

I did so, and immediately a tin cup dropped into the hand-basin.

"That thread goes down stairs, and is fastened across the front-window; but I broke that off as I went out of my room, so that it should not impede my journey down stairs. Thus I could at once know whether a man was approaching the back-door or had entered by the front-window, and in either case I think I could have captured him."

Simplicity had certainly been adopted in the present case, but the means had shown themselves to be efficient.

"People are usually very silly," continued our friend, "when they hear, or think they hear, suspicious noises of a night. The first thing they usually do is to light a candle, which proclaims to the robber that he has been heard, and must escape; then they go about the house with this candle, and make a great noise, so that a man may have plenty of time to get away, or to hide

himself. Instead of this, if a person were to listen intently, he would be able to hear any suspicious noises distinctly, and decide upon their cause; then, as he must know his own house better than a robber, he is best off of the two in the dark; and when, having armed himself, he has quietly opened his door, he may wait and listen until the robbers are heard moving about, when he may take such steps as may seem necessary. If every person were merely to plan what was to be done in case of robbers entering his house, and then were to carry out this if the occasion required it, burglary would be too dangerous and unsuccessful a proceeding to be popular or profitable, and thus might be given up for a more honest means of obtaining a livelihood; so that really we may consider ourselves to have done the community at large a benefit, when we capture one of these gentry; whilst those who allow their houses to be robbed with impunity jeopardize their neighbor's property."

EMMA'S CHANCES.

BY A. BROCKGREEN.

ALL of Emma Wilson's lady friends treated her with disdain and scorn, yet her gentleman friends were charmed, though she was not pretty enough for admiration or envy. A trim, little lady, always neatly dressed; a sallow complexion, unprepossessing features, dark grey eyes that expressed shrewdness; hair rather scant, but cunningly interwoven with a wealth of "other plumage," crowned her shapely little head with bandeaux, braids or curls, as became the fashion. Her tiny Balmorals must have encased web-feet, such an inclination they had to the water. They always strayed to brook-sides, or, at least, to the edge of mud-puddles, when they would poise daintily, while their artful owner looked around for a crossing, which was sure to be forthcoming. It was on an occasion similar to this that Harry Lawson was compelled to capitulate. A rain cloud had spilled most of its contents directly before the Wilsons' front gate, where Emma stood in pretty helplessness. Young Lawson would, doubtless, have followed Sir Walter Raleigh's example had he possessed a velvet cloak. He substituted a rail from a neighboring fence, and Emma crossed in triumph. Harry sought a more formal introduction, and thereafter was a regular visitor at the Wilsons. Young men found it very agreeable there; less fortunate young ladies called Emma's home "Wilson's Inn," for every eligible caller was invariably treated to wine and sponge-cake, which was urged by jolly Mrs. Wilson with charming hospitality. Harry was surprised with many other delicacies on his second call, and, being a young man of an appreciative appetite, his respect for Mrs. Wilson, and his admiration for Emma, increased on that particular occasion. Harry was ugly, both in the American and English sense of the word, but his imperfections were smoothed over by his father's immense wealth. Widow Wilson was not insensible to this crowning advantage, and in due season congratulated her daughter upon being engaged to the richest young man in D—. Mrs. Wilson, being well aware of the mutability of young love, and the peril of long engagements, urged a speedy marriage, to which the wily lovers demurred. Emma did not wish to give up her freedom; Harry courted more riches, and was soon to start for the golden shores of California, to engage in mercantile pursuits. With mutual, and I doubt not sincere, lamentation, the young people parted. For a time there was a brisk correspondence between the happy lovers. Harry was really ardent, Emma's affection waned the soonest. Before many months she tormented her absent lover with accounts of her numerous conquests, sugaring the pill sufficiently, as she thought, by tender inquiries as to his return. To which Harry replied, "The squaws of the Sioux and Blackfeet in Kansas are the most agreeable women I ever met, without any exception. When shall I return? In five, or twenty years, or more probably, never, being perfectly contented where I am." Emma, of course, at this gave her uncorrupted lover full permission to admire the Indians and live among them for ever. Her pride was wounded, but she had gained absolute freedom, which she desired just then, for she was as much in love as one of her selfish nature could be, with a young theological student. William Markham was one of those rare geniuses who rise from obscurity by the sheer superiority of their minds. He was noted among his acquaintances for his discrimination, yet he was captivated by Emma Wilson. She did not care a whit for his genius, only as it gained him fame. She did appreciate his fine personal appearance and graceful manners, and thought he would not be a poor exchange for Harry Lawson. The day she sent her note of dismissal to Harry, a spring walk was in prospect for that afternoon. Emma joyfully accepted the opportunity of securing another lover. A walk was, of all occasions, the one to appear to best advantage. There were plenty of brooks to be crossed, and Emma had such an indescribable charming way of winning help at such times! Moreover, she had almost the magic art of heroines in old romances, who gather violets in silken slippers and white dresses, "while the dew yet trembled on the grass," and come home with dry feet and unsullied skirts. Emma had a marvelous fashion of tripping through bushes and briars, never tearing her dress, nor being delayed by the irritating little thorns and twigs that tormented the other girls. Perhaps it was this faculty of looking faultless on all occasions that charmed William Markham, or perhaps the cheerful Wilson sitting-room captivated him. On his return from the woods with Emma, Mrs. Wilson welcomed him to a sparkling wood fire, which the chill evening air rendered most agreeable, and proffered the invitation to cake and wine. Artful little Emma slipped off the shawl that concealed her pretty figure, kept on her becoming hat with its lovely wild flowers; then, seated on a low divan, with one dainty foot peeping from the folds of her dress, she made as graceful a picture as a careworn and tired student could ask. And so William Markham became a victim. Emma did not know much, but she had the remarkable wisdom of knowing herself. She was wise enough to listen gravely when William talked on subjects beyond her depth. He was very much in love with the artful girl, blind to her faults, and thinking himself the most fortunate man alive. She coolly analyzed him in solitude. "He's handsome enough," she thought, "and agreeable enough, if he were only rich! But he will do if none better offers." This was the only echo that William's rapturous dreams woke in his lady-love's thoughts! After an engagement of three months Emma was invited to accompany her soldier uncle on a continental tour. He, like the most of mankind, was blinded, and thought Emma Wilson the rarest, sweetest girl of his acquaintance. "She will brighten up her aunt," said Major Henderson, benevolently, knowing very well that he would be the principal person to be pleased. Mrs. Henderson, ill-natured like some other women, couldn't see why Emma was such a favorite. The lovers' parting reminded one of them of a similar scene, and, as she said, "William, you know I will be true to you," she added, mentally, "unless I can do better," and William, hearing only the first part of the sentence, unfortunately comforted himself in the thought of Emma's constancy, and rejoiced in her privilege of seeing "the lands beyond the sea."

"Your vivid descriptions, my darling," said he, "will give me clearer ideas of famous places than years' reading of noted travels could do."

Emma's "descriptions" to her student lover were as vivid as this:

"Bordeaux is a place where you can get wine cheap. Trieste, my dear William, is unequalled for trinkets of every sort. You ask about 'the Rhine-land.' Tiresome! 'Tis in Germany you can see pictures that look like it without the trouble of coming hither. Such a set of travelers! Only one gentleman, half as good looking as you. His name is Colonel Landis; he is handsome and rich,"—with a slight dash under the "and."

William read with a lover's eye, but charitably concluded it was only a slip of the pen; and whatever jealous fears had been awakened, were soothed by the sweet words that followed:

"I've embroidered a charming pair of slippers in richest wool. You will wear them—won't you? and think of Emma."

The slippers arrived duly. William admired the curiosities for their dainty workmanship as well as the giver. It seemed degrading to wear them on his feet; he would sooner far have bound them on his heart. Miss Emma did not waste many thoughts on the young minister; he would serve if Colonel Landis failed. That young gentleman returned in the same steamer with Emma—a fortunate circumstance for the coquette. He was too wily to commit himself on slight acquaintance, as Harry Lawson and William Markham had done; but Emma hoped much from his visit to D—. Confident of her power, she determined to free herself from her engagement to William, that being, as she thought, the only obstacle. Before she reached D—, a concise little note informed her impatient lover that he need not call to see her on her return. "She was mistaken when she supposed she loved him; they must seek happiness in different paths."

When this note reached William he was dreaming over the fire, with his cherished slippers poised on the fender. He read the cruel words in a maze, but his feet involuntarily spurned the false-hearted gift. He watched bitterly the bright flames that sprang to the rich embroidery, illumined it gloriously, then consumed it. When the flame had raged to smoke, and the smoke sighed but feebly from a little mound of pale ashes, he turned to his studies—a deeper student than before, but a cold, skeptical man. If Emma had any conscience she did not allow it place in her busy thoughts. All her energies were engaged in anticipation of Colonel Landis' visit. The night before his arrival Emma was vexed beyond measure at the coming of a country cousin, Jane Elizabeth Wilson. Colonel Landis was so elegant, what would be sure to such an unfashionable person! To be sure Jane Elizabeth had a wealth of golden ringlets, but they looked so *outré* brushed simply away from her low, white brow, instead of being elegantly crimped and rolled! The disgraceful country girl also owned lovely, dark eyes, but they had looked out on little else than daisy meadows. Her complexion was exquisitely pure, but even this was a disadvantage, for the bright blushes betrayed her discomposure so readily. Above all, her dress was Emma's abomination. It was always two or three seasons behind the times. Now, while Emma's trim little figure was set off by a broad belt with its rich clasp, and sleeves, whose close cut followed the exact contour of the arm, Jane Elizabeth was an object to behold in her old-fashioned bodice, and her full flowing sleeves, "half-revealing, half-concealing" the dimpled arm beneath. It was certainly very polite in Colonel Landis to treat Emma's cousin—such a cousin!—with any attention. He did not seem annoyed or even amused with her shy manner and unfashionable dress. Emma's anxiety about her cousin gradually diminished as she saw that it did not prevent Colonel Landis' frequent calls. The unfortunate sequel was that these frequent calls were not in spite of, but in consequence of, the country cousin, whom the Colonel now proudly introduced as "Mrs. Landis." Harry Lawson is married—but not to Emma. There is a Mrs. William Markham, but not "she that was" Miss Wilson. That quondam favorite is drifting on to the lone shores of old maidenhood, and no doubt would like to change ere it be too late. So much for one coquette.

A MEMPHIS paper heads its list of divorce cases in court, "Matrimonial Shipwrecks."

DAMASCUS BLADES.

WHILE so much attention is directed to the manufacture of new weapons of war, it is somewhat curious to note the fact that the method of making the best sword is a lost art, and all the skill of modern times is insufficient to recover it. While we have been making great discoveries and improvements in the manufacture of steel, it is remarkable that no country can produce an article equal to the Damascus blades which are so celebrated in history, nor has Damascus itself been able for several centuries past to make even a poor imitation of the work for which it was once so celebrated.

These blades are no myth, as some persons have imagined. They still exist, numerous and highly prized, in the hands of descendants of Saracen chieftains and Eastern princes, and not unfrequently are shown in European collections. We have a specimen lying before us, a short blade, rather a long knife than a sword, of that peculiar steel which modern art cannot produce. The peculiarity of the Damascus weapon is not only the beautiful surface, showing myriads of waving and zig-zag lines, running through the metal, but the elasticity and temper of the steel surpass all other kinds and show such a union of sharp edge with great elasticity as no modern art can equal. The point of a sword could be bent to touch the hilt, and spring back to its straight line, and the same sword would cut through an ordinary steel weapon without harming its keen edge, or would pass with astounding facility through a silk shawl or handkerchief thrown into the air, severing it with a swift sharp cut. Scott's history of Saladin's sword, in the Talamas, is not an invention of the romancer.

Very many and expensive experiments have been made to recover the lost art of making these blades, but without success, except in one instance of the experiments of Gen. Anosoff, a Russian officer of great ability, who really seemed to succeed in reproducing the old Damascus steel. But even he was unable to do it with sufficient certainty and regularity to leave his discoveries behind him in such a shape as to be of practical value to the world. For since his death, in 1851, the Siberian works, which he superintended, have failed wholly to produce the required article, and the manufacture of such blades has entirely ceased.

The theories of different persons had been that the peculiar lines and veins in the Damascus weapons were produced by some intermixture of other metals with the steel. Gen. Anosoff, after careful examination, came to the conclusion that they were but the marks of the crystallization, or the lines of carbon among the lines of steel crystals. He invented a system of carbonization which produced steel with the lines visible, and then washing the blade with acid, he brought out more distinctly these marks of the peculiar manufacture. His works at Zlatoust became as celebrated as the Birmingham and Sheffield of the Oural country, and the steel blades, arms, razors and cutlery of various kinds there made, were unquestionably the best products of the modern world.

The general was accustomed to exhibit to his visitors the exquisite perfection of his work by performing the feat of cutting through a gauze veil in the air with one of his swords—a feat which no British steel could be made to perform; and he would also saw nails, bones, and other hard substances, with the same sword, without turning or nicking the edge. The highest authorities, speaking of Anosoff's steel, say that the result of his discoveries was "to impress on cast steel the elastic properties of a softer material." Capt. Abbott, a British officer highly competent to judge on this subject, said:

"The general fault of European blades is, that being forged of shear steel for the sake of elasticity they are scarcely perceptible of the keen edge which cast steel will assume."

The genius of Anosoff has triumphed over this objection, not in hardening the soft steel, but in giving elasticity to the hard, and it may be doubted whether any fabric in the world can compete with that of Zlatoust in the production of weapons combining an equal degree of edge and elasticity.

Capt. Abbott also states that he saw several of the rejected blades submitted to the breaking engine, to be recast, and that they were "bent double and back again several times before they could be divided."

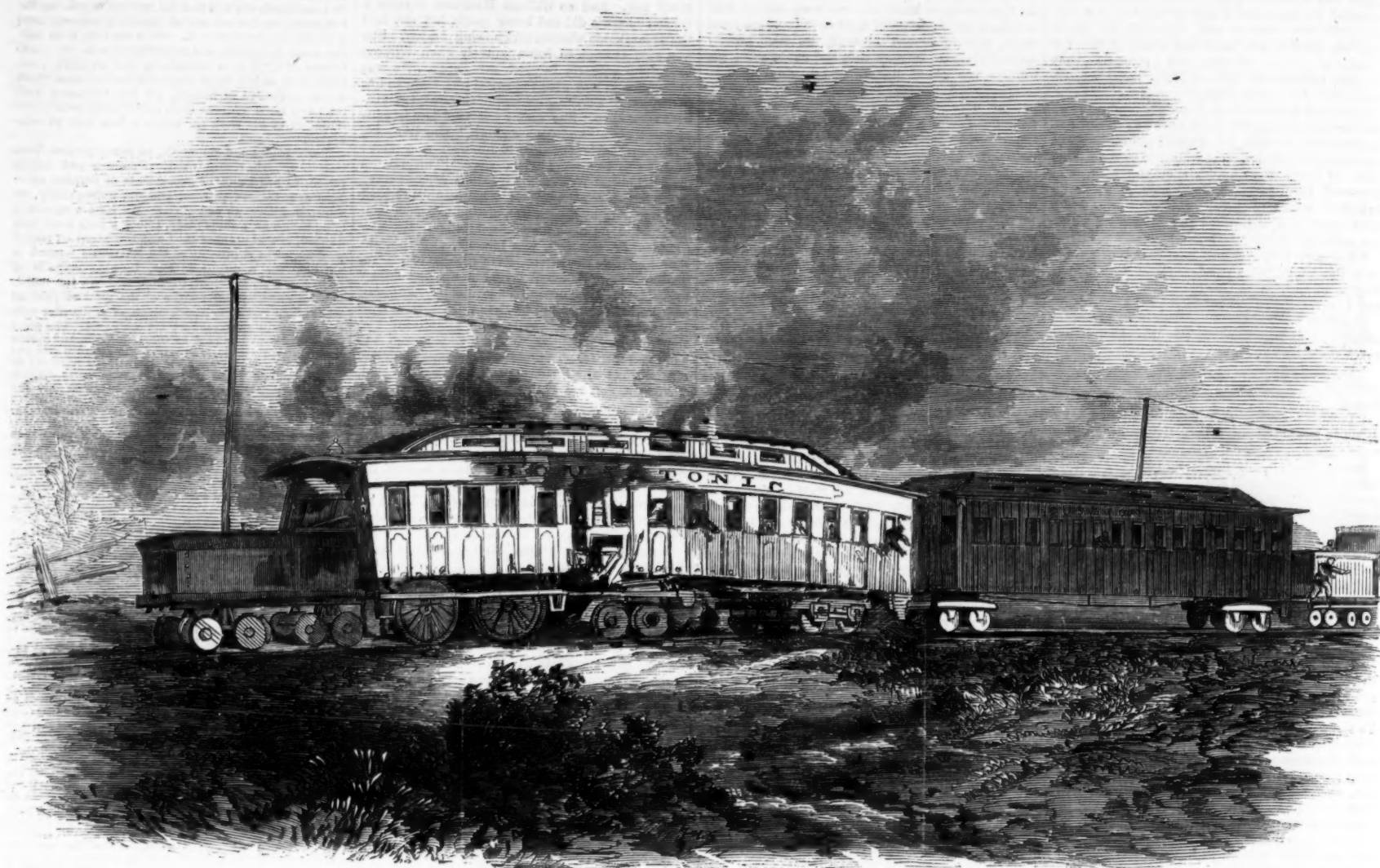
The death of Anosoff seems to have committed this art again to oblivion. His processes are well known, and his blades are prized in Russia and among the Eastern princes as fully equal, both in beauty and in temper, to the most celebrated of the Damascus blades. But the art does not obey the will of the successors of Anosoff, and for the present we have nowhere in the world a manufacture of Damascus blades.

A DIRTY SAINT.—Lady Duff Gordon has published a volume of "Travels in the East," in which she tells the following story of a "skeykh," a holy man or saint, whom she encountered in her ascent of the Nile: "Some way above Beynash, Omar asked eagerly for 'ave to stop the boat, as a great skeykh had called to us, and we should inevitably have some disaster if we disobeyed. So we stopped, and Omar said, 'Come and see the skeykh, m'am.' I walked off, and presently found about thirty people, including all my own men, sitting on the ground round St. Simon's dykes, without the column. A hideous old man, like Polydorus, utterly naked, with the skin of a rhinoceros, all cracked with the weather, sat there, and had sat, night and day, summer and winter, motionless, for twenty years. He never prays, he never washes, he does not keep Ramadan, and yet he is a saint! Of course I expected a good hearty curse from such a man; but he was delighted with my visit, asked me to sit down, ordered his servant to bring me sugar-cane, asked my name, and tried to repeat it over and over again; he was quite talkative, and full of jokes and compliments, and took no notice of any one else. Omar and my crew smiled and nodded, and all congratulated me heartily. Such a distinction proves my own excellence (as the skeykh knows all people's thoughts), and is sure to be followed by good fortune. Finally, Omar proposed to say the Fat'hah, in which all joined except the skeykh, who looked rather bored by the interruption, and who desired us not to go so soon, unless I were in a hurry. A party of Bedawes came up on camels, with presents for the holy man, but he took no notice of them, and went on questioning Omar about me, and answering my questions. What struck me was the total absence of any sanctimonious air about the old fellow; he was quite worldly and jocular. I suppose he knew that his position was secure, and thought his dirt and nakedness were sufficient proofs of his holiness. Omar then recited the Fat'hah again, and we rose and gave the servant a few faddahs. The saint took no notice of this part of the proceedings, but he asked me to send him twice my handful of rice for his dinner—an honor so great that there was a murmur of congratulation through the whole assembly."

BALSAM OF WEDLOCK.—The Arabs possess a wise practice in proceedings for divorce. When married people seek a separation, the Cadi orders a thimble for some time with a discreet and austere man of the tribe, that the latter may examine their life and see on which side blame lies. The elderly man makes a report at the expiration of the appointed time, and this report is the foundation on which the Cadi builds his judgment of divorce. Experience has demonstrated that there is no better method of restoring peace in families. The husband and wife put their good behavior, resume the manners of court-days. Each strives to be more amiable than the other, to convince the "elder of Israel" that it is not this one's fault if a honeymoon changed its quart. Old love is awakened, and the pair that went to the approved man's tent snoring like cat and dog, return home cooing like doves.

The peach was originally a poisonous almond. Its fleshy parts were used to poison arrows, and the fruit was, for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transportation and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

THE FRIGHTFUL COLLISION ON THE HOUSATONIC RAILROAD, NEAR BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, C. E. H. Bonwill.



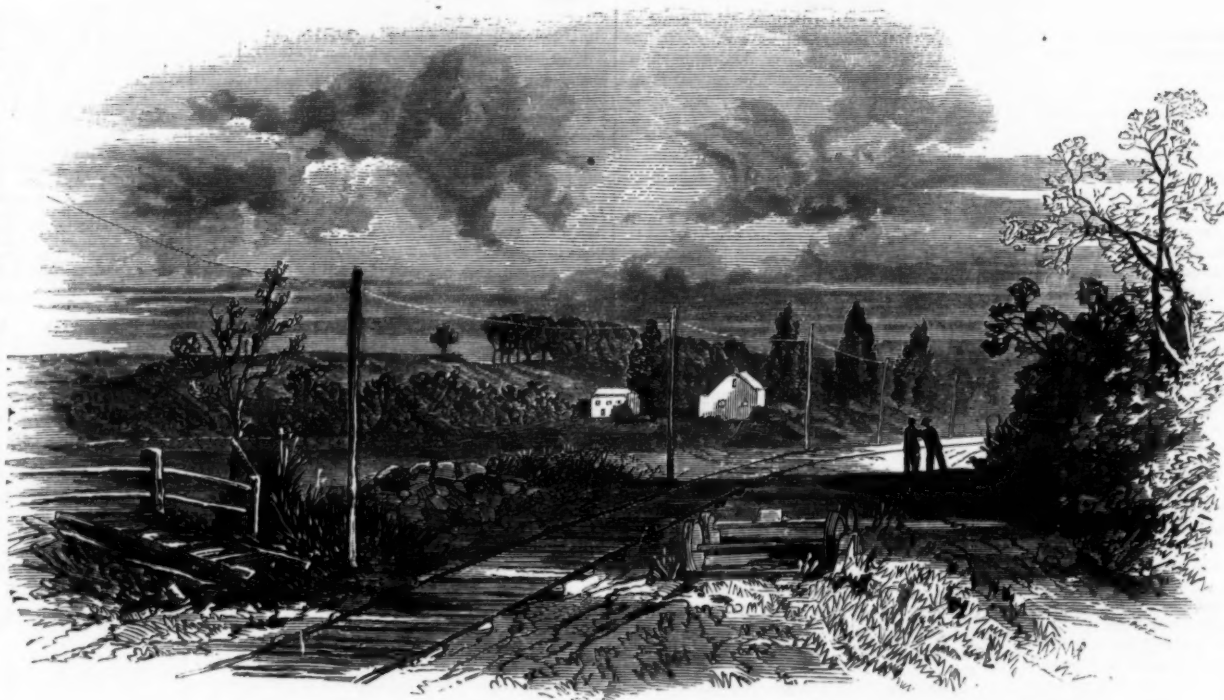
THE LOCOMOTIVE DASHING ENTIRELY THROUGH THE REAR PASSENGER CAR.

COLLISION On the Housatonic River Railroad.

A FRIGHTFUL disaster occurred on the Housatonic River railroad, near Trumbull, Conn., on Tuesday, the 15th inst., by which seven persons were instantly killed, and eleven terribly, if not mortally wounded. It appears that the morning freight train from Bridgeport, becoming disabled, was stopped on the track, near Pequonnock mills, and signals sent back to notify an approaching passenger train, which, upon its arrival, was attached to the freight train, and was slowly moving back towards Bridgeport, when a new engine, which had been started on a trial trip up the road, suddenly turned a curve, and at full speed came in collision with the returning trains. Several cars were entirely demolished, the engine going literally through the rear passenger car. In the crash the boiler of the locomotive exploded, and very many persons were frightfully scalded.

SIR ETIENNE PAS- CHAL TACHE.

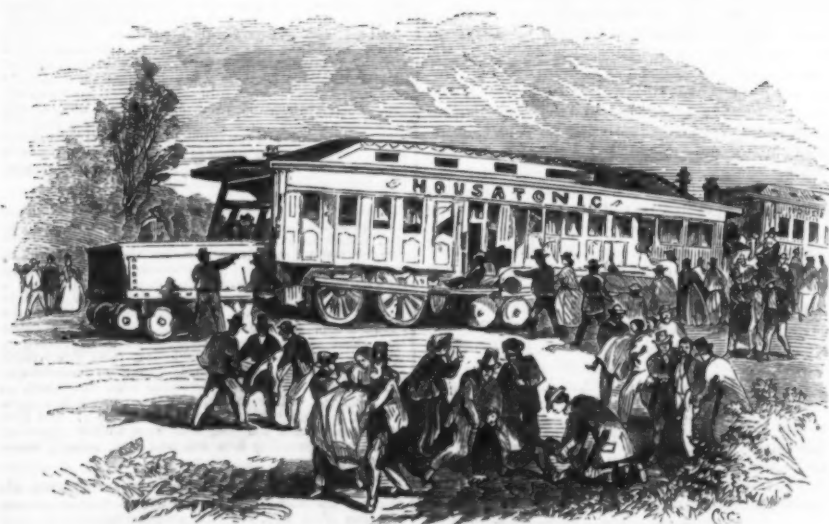
THE late Premier of Canada was of French de-



SCENE OF THE CATASTROPHE NEAR BRIDGEPORT, CONN., ON THE HOUSATONIC RAILROAD.

scent, and was born at St Thomas, Lower Canada, in 1795. In the war of 1812 he obtained an ensign's commission in the British volunteers, and took part in the battle of Plattsburg. Upon the conclusion of peace between England and the United States, he studied medicine, and practiced till 1841, when being elected a member of the Canadian parliament, he devoted himself to a political life. Upon the retirement of Sir Allen McNab in 1856, Mr. Tache was made chief of the cabinet. In 1860, during a visit to England, he was knighted by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. In 1864 he was again made Premier, a position he retained to his death.

An anecdote is told of the Bishop of Exeter, England. The scene is a church in Torquay; the bishop is present, but not officiating, and he sits with the congregation. The officiating clergyman ventures to soften to ears polite the phrase "Eat and drink their own damnation." He reads it "condemnation." A voice is heard loudly exclaiming "Damnation!" The whole church is startled. But it is not a profane epithet they hear—it is the voice of the bishop in rebuke of the officiating minister.

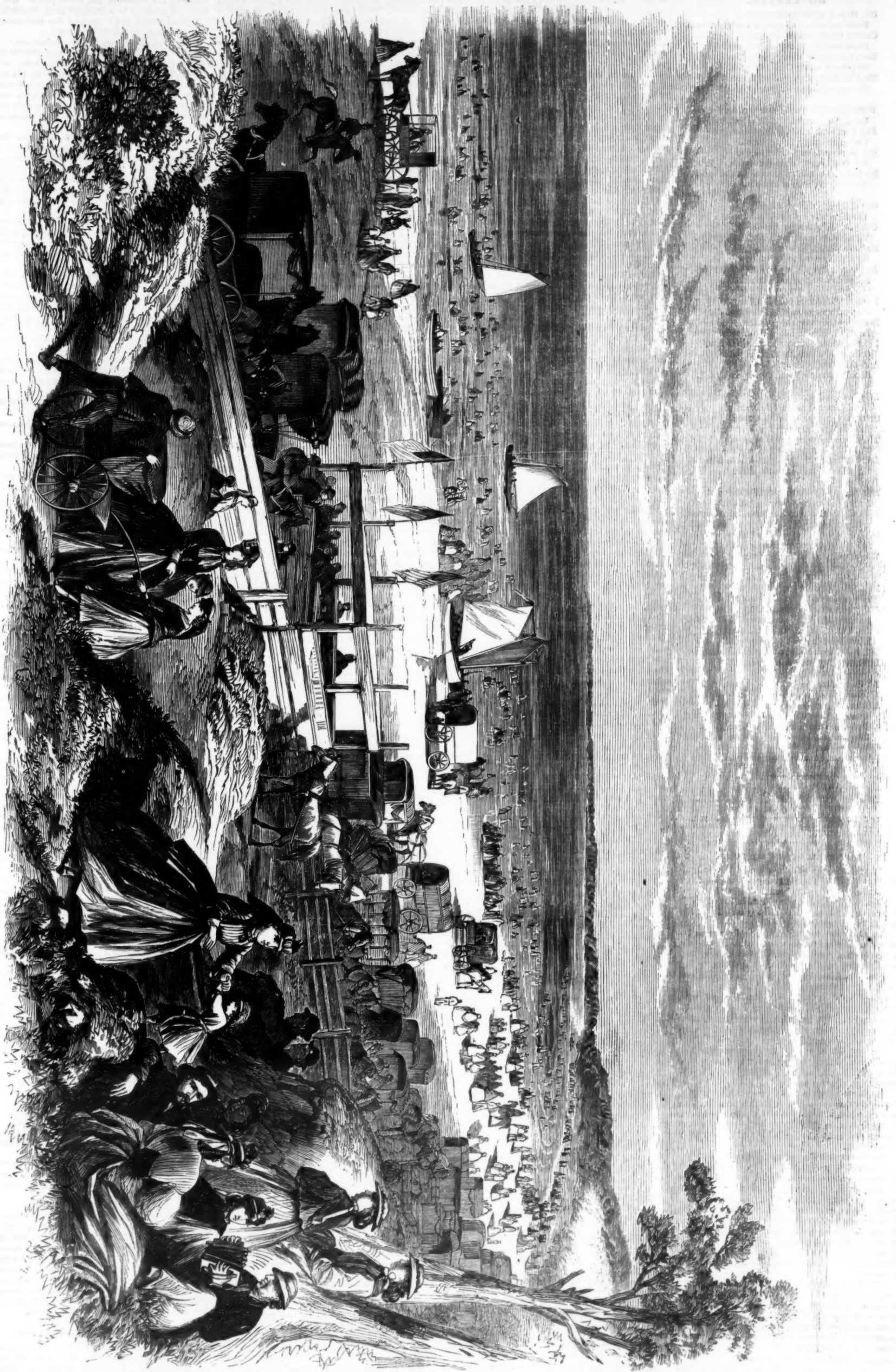


REMOVING THE KILLED AND WOUNDED PASSENGERS FROM THE DEBRIS.



THE INTERIOR OF THE WRECKED CAR, SHOWING THE ENGINE COMPLETELY EMBEDDED AND CRUSHED.

THE GRAND ANNUAL PICNIC AND EXCURSION OF THE NEW JERSEY FARMERS AND THEIR FAMILIES TO RARITAN BAY, AMBOY, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. SCHILL.



NO LETTER.

Oh, Hope! thou stolid tenant of
Each wayworn wanderer's worldly breast,
Can no alarms before thy gate
Erect once more thy warrior crest?
Hath love and fortune, long deferred,
So palsied all thy limbs of steel,
That life hath nothing in its creed
To rouse thee up for woe or weal?

With listless feet and vacant train,
On distant shores I mark my round,
And scan with careless eye the crowds
I meet on unfamiliar ground.
Not gaining by my worldly lore,
Not profiting by stranger hands,
My heart goes back o'er weary miles
To clasp the love of other lands.

One daily pilgrimage I tread,
The Mecca of my stolid hope,
One path in utter darkness veiled,
With hands outstretched, I daily grope.
Before a portal, prison barred,
My shibboleth I daily sum,
And watch a youth hold countless worlds
Between a finger and a thumb.

I watch with eager eyes his face,
On which unmeaning silence broods,
Bent o'er the eloquence of man
In all his wondrous human moods.
I chafe, when, like some mere machine,
On beauty's missive falls his touch,
And wonder why electric force
Should not unloose the vampyre clutch.

Life, love and death, beneath his hand,
Runs glib and facile, to and fro;
Stark, staring, ruin, sudden wealth,
Like flashing meteors come and go.
The fierce defiance, greed of gold,
The cry for mercy—softly cried—
And one faint, wandering line from him
Who on the field of battle died.

My turn—in one brief second's thought
I span the arc of changing years;
My heart goes out through boundless space,
With choking, throbbing hopes and fears;
I think of one, who, months before,
Hung sobbing on my burning breast,
Whose words still linger on my ear,
"My own! my heart's beloved, my best!"

I think of how, through weary days,
I've stood, as now, before the gate,
And watched the human form within,
Machine-like serve the crowds that wait.
I think, how, at the whispered name,
His hand went deftly to the spot
Where life and death, and love and hate,
In waiting lay—but mine was not.

All this but as the lightning's flash,
Before my eyes a missive lay;
A stranger hand—the seal unknown—
What can this fearsome letter say?
God give me but a moment's strength!
Keep still my heart, the seals are torn,
One line alone, the rest is dark—
"She died at one o'clock this morn!"

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUT WATERMAN'S MARK,"
"REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—THE WORM TURNS.

THE group in the alderman's chamber is suddenly broken up by loud ringing at the gates.

"Anthony!" gasped Sleuth, audibly.
"Anthony!" echoed the old man, his wife still wandering. "How sharp the boy is! Don't tell him, I'll hide me here!"

The alderman was evidently recalling some incident of Anthony's boyhood. But it was not Anthony who came into the sick chamber almost immediately, but two gentlemen—the doctor and the lawyer, who, happening to be friends and neighbors, came together.

Sleuth gazed on them just for a moment, with an expression of face that did not suggest satisfaction; but, then, as if his face must have done him wrong, he advanced with an air of deep melancholy to meet them, saying:

"So glad you're come! This is a comfort! I have been looking for you ever so long. He's been awfully bad, his head turning quite topsy-turvy."

The doctor went to the old man, spoke to him, but could not get a single rational answer. He was rating some one—probably Anthony—for his extravagance, and losing his temper because the unseen and unheard criminal would defend himself in reply.

The doctor felt the pulse, holding the wrist for a considerable period, and looking steadily in the alderman's countenance. From time to time, as he thus stood, he put various questions to Sleuth, which the latter answered very quietly and properly—his experience at the chemist's enabling him to acquit himself with credit. At last the doctor laid the patient's hand and arm carefully down on the bed-clothes, turned, touched the lawyer's arm, who had been closely watching what passed, and they withdrew together to the corridor.

"My work here is done," said the doctor; "I only wonder how he has kept up so long. I shall not stay. I can do no good, and I have an appointment elsewhere." Then looking back towards the room, he said, with more than ordinary professional interest, "I have watched this case closely, and I am quite sure he doesn't want me now, and never again will want me."

"I am pretty much in the same position," re-

sponded the lawyer; "I got a message from him yesterday, not at all urgent—just such a message as I have often had from him about ordinary business matters. So either he must have fancied himself better than he was, or he had not then decided upon any important step. What can I do now? Nothing! You see yourself he is in no state to make fresh disposition of property."

"Certainly not," rejoined the doctor; "but it is possible he may have a lucid interval before death."

"H'm!" muttered the lawyer. "I could perhaps stay a few hours—possibly till all will be over; but I don't even know that he wanted me on any business of this kind. To tell you the truth, I don't care to meddle unnecessarily. I dislike this Sleuth, but that's no reason why the alderman should. Besides, he ought to deal fairly with him. He brought him here, and I suppose let him believe he meant to keep him here as his heir. But he's a close man, and whenever we talked the subject over he seemed to think that even telling me what he meant to do weakened his power to shift and change about just as he liked. I dare say he has arranged things for himself to his own mind. Anthony is the heir if he leaves things alone. If he wants to alter that and wants me to aid, and is again fit to make a will, why, here's the very man on the spot who will take care no time shall be lost in fetching me."

The doctor smiled, and, before leaving, went to speak to Sleuth, who came out with him; and then he and the lawyer also had a word or two—just enough to show Sleuth the lawyer knew nothing of the codicil in the safe.

It was odd that Sleuth did not enlighten him. Was it that, with instinctive cunning, he divined that the lawyer would not be so strongly disinclined to stay near the dying man, did he know the true state of affairs—that Sleuth was, in fact, master of everything, unless some new act was performed? It was with a sort of desire to act justly by Sleuth that the lawyer said, at parting:

"If you want me, and he is in a condition to know what he is about, I will not lose a moment in coming. I'll keep in the way at the office till late in the afternoon."

"Thank you, thank you!" said Sleuth, with an affectionate grasp of the hand, as if he knew not only what the lawyer meant, but that he—poor fellow!—really did need his kindly offices.

When they were gone, it was wonderful how Sleuth restrained every manifestation of the secret joy and exultation he felt. He had heard what the doctor thought, from the doctor himself—that the alderman could not possibly live much longer—that he had given him up—and that, even if he were to have a moment or two of returning sanity, it would probably be but the brightness of the flickering light that precedes dissolution. Success! success! Not even Anthony's arrival could now materially change the posture of affairs. He almost wished Anthony would arrive, so that he might, by his own experience and testimony as to Sleuth's behavior, be made use of to repress ill-natured remarks, when it was found he (Sleuth) was the successor to the alderman's wealth.

Well, he must keep very quiet, very watchful, and redouble his care of the poor, dear old man. To give anxiety occupation, and restrain the tendency of his limbs to fly off, as if in a mad dance of triumph that the end was assured and near, he began to wash his face and hands, and comb and brush his hair, and study himself in the glass, under the improved state thus produced, as if busy with the problem:

"In this how so rich and fortunate a gentleman as I shall be, may be expected to look when he goes out into the world?"

Apparently he felt he could afford to be critical, for he knitted his brows, looked sternly at himself, turned a little on one side, then on the other, and then—why then, some new thought tickled his fancy, for he smiled one of those intensely genuine smiles of his, which showed he had a heart and soul, such as they were, and that with all the strength of both he loved and gloated over a stroke of successful cunning! How his small eyes twinkled! It was evidently delicious—this thought! But the only words that escaped him were:

"Pretty fool! Let her humbug herself if she likes. Why not?"

But his face changes. The smile disappears from that reflection in the gloom, and a fixed, penetrating, onward look succeeds. Sleuth sees something by the aid of the mirror that at once fixes and concentrates his attention, and which causes him to return to the bedside and there pick up a paper from the carpet.

What could it be? He is sure there was no paper there a minute ago. It must have fallen from the bed. No; for if it had been there, Sleuth is equally sure he would have seen it, so watchful had he been all the time the professional gentlemen were in the room.

Then it must have been under the bed-clothes, and thrown out by the alderman's restless gestures. Sleuth picks it up and goes behind the curtains to read it, for how does he know what it may be? Perhaps he does not finish his own mental sentence, in the alarm that possessed him as he recognizes the paper as the very piece that had been round the miniature, and as he catches the first few words of the writing:

"I, Silas Maude, alderman, being of sound mind, in proof of which I show by my present act what I think, after due trial of Richard Sleuth, and desiring to testify my firm but unworthy faith in the saving merits of the Redeemer, hereby commend my erring soul to God in my dying moments, and say that I revoke, absolutely, and make of no effect, the codicil, bearing date of March 22d last, in his (Sleuth's) favor, and reconfirm the will made previously, in favor of my well-beloved nephew, Anthony Maude, whom I pray God to bless and to inspire with fervent zeal to carry out my wishes, as therein expressed. And if he likes to do anything for Sleuth he may—I won't."

So this was the state of things, was it? While

he (Sleuth), in his idiotic joy, was already taking possession. This paper needed only to be witnessed, and there was an end of his glittering soap-and-water bubble.

Were it now to do, he felt certain the alderman would not be able again to write such a document or to give instructions for such a one, even if the lawyer were ready, and Sleuth might take care of that matter; but an interval of only five minutes of clear reason might suffice to call the servants and take their signatures, and then—

It was awful, as he said to himself. The old man was even quiet and sleeping. Anthony's arrival might secure every step of the process and reduce him (Sleuth) to impotence. Should he destroy the paper? No, no; it would be too dangerous while the alderman lived.

He went to that side of the bed towards which the alderman's back was turned, and raised gently the edge of the wool mattress, and there he put the paper, assured the alderman could not get hold of it as he then was, but having first carefully noticed that it was within apparent reach of the alderman's hand, so that he might defy any one to prove that it had not been deposited there by himself.

"Who's that?" murmured the alderman.

"I, uncle—only putting you to rights a bit."

"Dick!"

Sleuth went round and saw the fingers of a hand just pushed forth from the clothes, as lacking strength or wish to go further. He took them in his own and pressed them.

"Better, uncle?"

"What's happened?"

"You've been a bit light-headed and funny, uncle—that's all."

"The blind! can't you let it stay up? I should like to look out on the park once more."

Richard Sleuth had, as usual, drawn down the blinds at the first opportunity. He had rather a contempt for what men called love of nature, and never saw a big tree, that other men made a theme for wonder and admiration, without, sooner or later, trying to get at its value as timber, in order, if possible, to understand them.

"What's that—the moon?" said the alderman, in a low, trembling voice, touched, as it were, with the foretaste of death, as his nephew drew up the blind, and let in the soft glory of a lovely moonlight, which, as it shone into the room, kissed the haggard, wistful face in the bed, and revealed in beautiful white radiance the further parts of the chamber.

The old man gazed and gazed until his heart was full, and tears began to fall. He had never felt till now how beautiful life was. He could see from where he reclined the dark tree-manes in the neighboring park, and the gleam of a fair lake, and the passage of a long line of deer in single file across an elevated ridge, where the dark, graceful forms were strongly thrown out against the moonshine beyond.

But the old man has no longer the soft glory of the moon, the graceful form of the deer, or the deep rich manes of the sleeping woods, for some cry of distress in the road brings back to him that fearful pang in his life when she, his daughter, had made her last attempt, and been sent away to die, even while she appealed to him in all the agony of despair:

"Father! father! father!"

But all these things softened him now. He thinks he can yet do something, if it be true that his child yet lives, and if Anthony will but come.

"Dick," he said, after a pause, "I've had a strange dream. I think it has done me good!"

"What was it about, uncle?"

"Why, I saw my little girl again, and she was sitting on my knee, and reproving me sweetly for being such a dunce in learning the song; and then, somehow, the girl changed to a boy, and I don't think it was singing I heard from him; it almost seemed to have been a bird's song that I heard."

"There was a little blackguard, uncle, whistling in the paddock; he had got there to sleep for the night, I suppose."

"Dick," murmured the alderman, recalling himself to the task, "I shan't live to see Anthony. Hold your tongue, do! Call Phillis and the housekeeper—quick!"

"And the other servants, uncle?"

"Yes," said the alderman, after a pause, as if he tried to guess Sleuth's thought—and succeeded.

Sleuth moved to execute his orders. But his first act was to draw the paper from under the mattress, which he could do unseen—the alderman's face being turned the other way.

Unseen, but not unfelt. The alderman called out sharply:

"What are you about?"

"Only making you comfortable, uncle, before I go!"

"Comfortable!" ejaculated the alderman. Then remembering the previous touch of the bed, where the paper had been deposited, he said, suddenly:

"Dick! give me that paper?"

"The paper—uncle!" murmured Sleuth, his smooth, white face becoming, if anything, smoother and whiter, but somehow more stricken in expression than usual with him when surprised.

"Yes; you know. And I know."

What Sleuth might have done and ventured if he had not heard footsteps near, he would probably have himself been unable subsequently to say; but as it was, he stooped, and professed to pick up something, and said, holding out the paper:

"Is this it, uncle? It must have dropped from the bed."

The alderman said nothing. All his dislike was justified. Dick Sleuth was now proved to be an unmitigated scoundrel. No doubt he had read, and had been about to destroy that paper.

And did not Richard Sleuth know what the alderman was thinking? His face had something in it, which caused the alderman to grasp con-

vulsively the bell-rope, and try to pull it. But his arm is restrained by a stronger arm—Sleuth's.

"What would you?" gasped the alderman, as their eyes met, in fearful proximity.

"Nothing, uncle—only to—explain—"

Before he can begin this new and difficult field of oratory he is obliged to turn his head to see what it is that has suddenly, even in such a position, drawn the alderman's furious eyes towards some object beyond. He turns, relaxes his grasp of the old man's wrist, and becomes pale with terror at the sight of a new and more dangerous antagonist.

A man, whose face is covered with thin black crepe, that just allows a dim outline of it to be seen, and invests it to the fancy with new horror, stands at the door of the dressing-room, clad in a long, dirty, smock frock, and holding a dark lantern in his left hand, which hangs low, the light not being wanted just then, and the right hand pointing a pistol towards the two men.

"Easy, gentle. Drop that ere bell, will you? Not a blessed 'air of your 'eads will I 'urt, if only you keeps still. No, young man, you needn't trouble to go to that door; it's locked t'other side. You won't lie quiet?"

He levelled at Sleuth, who was slinking off by another door. Sleuth stopped, as if turned to stone, and the burglar began ostentatiously to play with the cock of his pistol, as if he had taken rapid and tolerably just measure of the danger to be apprehended from the sick old man and the chicken-hearted young one, and could afford to amuse himself.

"No, no, no!" hurriedly cries Sleuth, in appeal, while his hands wave nervously to and fro, in deprecation of the pistol aim. "I won't move again, my good sir; excuse my fright."

There is at this moment a violent ringing of the gate bell.

"Anthony! Anthony! That must be him! Thank God!" cries the alderman.

The burglar stares a moment, as if to make sure that this is no trick; then says, as if thinking only of Sleuth's behavior:

"Lord love you, you needn't be frightened. There, I'll go outside, and wait while my pal finishes up his bit of business! I'd advise you not to frighten me, young man, by coming in arter me!"

So saying, he retreated into the dressing-room, closing the door behind him.

"The safe, Dick—the safe!" exclaimed the alderman.

"Yes, uncle. But you heard—that that—that gentleman said," urged Sleuth, thinking the "gentleman" was still a listener.

"Fool! He's flying faster than you can follow him. Quick! The safe!"

Not all the safes in the world, if every one of them had been stuffed full of gold and gems, would have induced Richard Sleuth to hazard his person out of the bedroom in pursuit, if he had not felt assured the alderman was right, and that a character for bravery might even yet be earned without much risk. But the moment he saw that, he saw also a new possibility that stirred his hair with an unpleasant feeling, but which promised, even at this dangerous hour, when every chance seemed vanishing, to remedy all.

"Don't be afraid, uncle; I'll guard you! I think that's Anthony. I do so hope it is!"

Away went Richard Sleuth, bearing, as he went, how his speech had created a soul of mirth even under the ribs of death, in the heart of the brave old man, who forgetting his state, and inspired by the excitement of the moment, rose to his knees, that he might better look into the dressing-room, the window of which was then full in his sight.

Sleuth had gone, pistol in hand, into the corridor; and though there were sounds of commotion about the house, the alderman could not make out whether it was through Anthony's arrival or through the alarm caused by the burglars. But back comes Richard Sleuth, running fast through the corridor, evidently pursued by heavy footsteps, into the dressing-room he burst, and thence into the sick chamber, his hands shaking as if with palsy. Breathlessly he speaks:

"Oh, uncle, they are coming!—both of 'em. Can't get out the other way; Anthony's there!"

"Brave boy!"

In rush the two robbers into the dressing-room, not, however, seeking Sleuth, but seeking a mode of escape. The window is up, and one robber all but jumps through it to the ground, so light and instantaneous are the touches he gives to the framework.

The other robber is a slower man, and heavy with the plunder of the safe, which he holds rolled up in a red pocket-handkerchief. He is about to throw it to his comrade, and has got one leg on the window-sill, ready for his descent, when the alderman cries:

"Now, Dick, fire!"

"I—I—daren't, uncle!"

"Give it me."

Sleuth hesitates just a moment, moved by some inexplicable impulse or motive, but gives the pistol, and the old man fires.

"Missed him!" says the alderman, growing faint, and retracing, with difficulty, his kneeling posture, while striving to peer through the smoke.

"Can't you follow, now?"

"Yes, uncle."

Sleuth took the pistol, and knew the moment had come. The burglar's head only was visible; he was not attempting to fire in return, but only to get away. What if he had fired and missed Sleuth, but shot the old man? Sleuth did fire, not at the burglar, but at the alderman, who saw the murderous gesture, but had only time to give one terrible cry, and the next moment was lying a confused heap on the bed. Dead—dead at last! The worm had turned, and to some effect.

CHAPTER VIII.—WIPING OUT THE TRAIL.

Yes, the crime was consummated. The thought, terrible but fascinating, that had been tempting the murderer onward, in spite of timid shrinkings

from danger, ever since he had discovered that Anthony had been sent for, and that he was to be disinherited; the thought that had drawn nutriment and strength from every fresh one of the alderman's contemptuous jibes; that had at last promised to be his only friend, who could at once secure him all he wished—the alderman's wealth—and guard him from all he feared—the alderman's exposure of him as a rogue; that thought which, however attractive in its aim, had still been apparently hopeless of successful accomplishment, had suddenly said to him, in irresistible language, when the burglar had been fired on, "Now shoot back!" and, lo! the deed was done.

All this swept through the murderer's brain as he stooped over his victim to make sure he was dead, and he murmured half audibly the words, as if to the listening and disembodied spirit of the old man:

"I didn't mean it! No! You shouldn't have provoked me so. Even a worm will turn!" Then he added: "Did he see me? I tried not to see him!"

Richard Sleuth then turned from the past to the future, and felt his whole frame quivering with an agony of vague apprehension, that might have caused him to discover all if just then questioned, but that the new fear of particular danger overmastered it, and caused his faculties to rush, as it were, to the rescue with extraordinary promptitude. The deed was done; the creature for whose gold Sleuth had thirsted as the hound thirsts for blood, was hunted down at last. Now there was to go back step by step and erase the trail.

Could he be found out? With fearful rapidity he ran over all possible contingencies, and strove to calm himself as he saw danger after danger loom before him. The pistol! It was the alderman's. It had been fired twice. Both barrels were empty. His blood seemed to congeal as he saw, at the very beginning, a fatal piece of evidence ready. Two shots only had been fired, and one of these had killed the alderman. If from the burglar's pistol, then the other barrel of the alderman's pistol must still contain its charge. No; it is empty!

While he madly hunts for ammunition to re-load the barrel, he sees smoke from the bed. It is the burning wadding. Fresh danger! Had that been found, it might have been known to have come from the alderman's pistol. He extinguishes the fire between his fingers, unconscious of the pain; then, having obtained the powder and ball he brought from the bureau, he used the same piece of wadding, partly to save time, not seeing any of the proper wadding in the bureau, and partly with the desire to get safely rid of it. As he finishes loading and murmurs, "That's done!" he hears first one explosion in the outer air and then another.

"Anthony and the robbers! Perhaps they may kill him!"

He now hunts for a second or two in a cupboard, and brings out a roll of tobacco Anthony had sent his uncle as a present just before the quarrel, and which the alderman had ceased to use after the quarrel. Sleuth stripped the paper off with shaking hands, threw the tobacco into a corner of the cupboard loose as it was, then roughly shaped the paper like the piece of wadding he had found burning on the bed, then burnt it with the candle just as the other piece had been burnt, and then put it on the bed, exactly where the other piece had been.

Catching his breath, in a new paroxysm of fear, as he felt how few were the minutes he might yet have, even if more than seconds were to be accorded to him, but drawing hope from the noises he heard outside the house, while there was still comparative stillness within, he now hunted for the paper so lately forced from him by the alderman, found it under the bed-clothes, and saw vividly not only its danger to him as regarded the possibility of questions being raised upon it as to his right to the property, but the infinitely greater danger that such a paper—unwitnessed, and wanting only to be witnessed to disinherit him—would of itself suggest to the world a powerful motive for murder, if the man concerned were capable of it. He is about to light the paper at the candle, when he thinks he hears a hand placed against the door, as if feeling its way in the dark. He stands gazing fearfully round with parted lips and glistening teeth, and the candle shaking and flickering in his fingers. Perhaps some one looks through the keyhole! They may not yet have seen the paper. The candle and candlestick are dropped, as if accidentally, from his hand, and he is in partial darkness—the moon having become obscured, and his eyes being unprepared.

Instantly the paper is torn into pieces, and then, not knowing what else safely to do with them, the panic-stricken murderer eats them.

Now for the codicil. That once in his possession, and he safe back to his room, he may give the alarm. But is he watched? No mistakes now. A single slip in his precautions, and there is the gallows. He sees, and grows almost brave with apprehension.

"Ha! yes! it is Anthony."

Sleuth hears now his voice in the court-yard, and recognizes it. He runs to the window. Yes, there is Anthony, the centre of a group, with lights in hand, through which he is trying to make way to enter the house, doubtless in search of his uncle. He wears a white, or very light coat, and has a pistol in his hand.

How quickly Sleuth can think in this awful emergency! He glides back to the dressing-room, remembering he had a coat that would, at a distance, seem not unlike Anthony's, and which, being a very expensive one, though purchased before the alderman's visit in his carriage to fetch him from the chemist's shop, he had kept out of sight in his box, for future display. Anthony's extravagance, he had soon learned, was the rock of offence on which Anthony's fortune had gone to wreck. He (Sleuth) would take care not even to be suspected, so he kept the coat close.

As he hunts for it, he remembers that if he has been watched in the room, as he had fancied, the watcher must know who it was—the coat not then being on. What then? He had done nothing there since the murder that could be dangerous to him, except destroying the paper, and that he had done in the dark.

What he has to fear is the being seen going from the murdered man's chamber, on secret business of his own, before giving any alarm; going, too, to a safe in a distant part of the house. That would be a very ugly fact, indeed, to get over, if suspicion were at all excited. The coat! the coat must guard him. The coat is got out and put on—for he sees only too well now for his comfort, through the partial light—and then he moves swiftly through the dressing-room into the corridor, and on into the room containing the safe. There he is again in the all-shrouding darkness, for the shutters have been put up. But he has had to pass on his way the head of a staircase, and there was light enough at that point for any one below to see him pass. How cheaply now he thinks he purchased his coat!

Groping his way to the safe, he finds it open, as he expected. He puts in his hand—it is empty! Literally empty! He feels the cold metal everywhere—nothing but the cold iron. He stoops down to the floor, but finds nothing. He crawls along from end to end—once, twice, thrice—so as to feel every part of the floor; now down the middle; now down the right side, now down the left. There is nothing. The robbers have swept all away—not having time, perhaps, after the alarm given by Anthony's arrival, to discriminate.

Is he a murderer for nothing? No, no, no! Impossible! He knows better. It will turn up somehow. Perhaps the robbers have been deprived of their spoil by Anthony and those who may have pursued them. But if Anthony finds the codicil, will he give it up? Yes; Sleuth thinks he will. And if the robbers have carried it off, they will soon see it is useless to them and precious to him. Surely, he thinks with alarm, they won't be such idiots as to suppose he would object to treat them handsomely.

He hears advancing steps through the corridor. He runs and locks the door. Then as he pants in dread of this new danger—this barring his retreat the way he came without showing his face—he hears the voice of the housekeeper outside, who had only heard, not seen him—

"Mr. Sleuth, is that you?"

This is fatal! No! With unwonted spirit he unlocks the door, then flies across the room towards a window, allows himself to be just seen, as a man's figure in a light coat, by the housekeeper, and then hears her, to his intense satisfaction, cry out:

"Oh, Mr. Anthony! Mr. Anthony! don't go after them again. Your uncle! your uncle's murdered!"

But "Mr. Anthony," as if carried away in the ardor of his pursuit by some new trace of the burglars, has got on to the balcony, and dropped to the ground. And then, by some wonderful feat of speed and subtlety, Sleuth has got rid of the coat, run round through a maze of circuitous passages—for he must avoid being met—got into the house, and then run up the staircase to the corridor, before the aged housekeeper (whose steps were slow, and who delays just for a few seconds watching after "Mr. Anthony") has reached the same spot. And out he pours upon her the story which his scheming brain had devised during his run.

"Oh, Mrs. Milton, I have lost them—the villains! Such an escape for me! They—I mean one of the villains, as he was getting down from the window, fired at me, but he missed! And I rushed at him—yes, through the smoke—yes, and through the window, and jumped to the ground after him, but lost them either in the shrubberies or over the wall."

"Eigh, Mr. Sleuth, this is an awful night's work. That villain has shot the poor old dying master when he missed you."

"Shot him? He's not—not living?"

"No, he's dead enough. I found him all of a heap on the bed, as if he had been kneeling up."

"He was! he was! It was he who fired at the robber. Dear me! Perhaps the robber knew that, and aimed at him and not at me when I was trying to guard my poor dear, dead uncle. Oh, my poor dear uncle!—my poor dear, slaughtered uncle!"

And Richard Sleuth wept—positively wept. Then he said:

"He wasn't always kind to me; and shouldn't be surprised to find that Mr. Anthony gets everything; but I shan't forget him for all that—my poor, dear, suffering uncle!"

They were now at the door leading from the corridor direct into the alderman's chamber. But finding it locked, and the key missing (thrown aside, no doubt, by the burglars, who had locked it), they went through the dressing-room, into the old man's chamber, and there they found Anthony in his light coat, bending over the alderman's body, which he grasped lovingly in his strong arms, while he was murmuring in language broken by passionate feeling:

"But one look—one word! Uncle! uncle! hear me! It is Anthony—Anthony who asks you for forgiveness—who, God knows, has so much need of it!"

The housekeeper and Sleuth stood there on the threshold, both silent; the one in awe and sympathy; the other, in hate and envy, which grew like gourds in the night, till they overshadowed Sleuth's soul, and protected him, and made him forget his mortal fear.

"My son," said a fond parent to his offspring, after having surveyed the wonders of the Crystal Palace—"my son, if you can tell me which of these marvellous works of man pleased you most, I will give you half a crown."

"The real and ham pie," responded young hopeful; "give me the money."

A BALLAD.

BY HIRAM E. GRIFFITH.

Down in the vale where the violets
Peep out from the grassy sod,
And the wild grapes into the sunshine,
Are upward reaching to God;
There where the rivulet waltzes along
On its downward way to the sea,
There is a spider web strong and complete,
And I think it was spun for me.

Oh! there is a maid of great beauty,
Living down in the vale,
With hair like the darkness of midnight—
And voice like the nightingale.
And I heard her singing the other day
As I lay in the grape vines shade—
Oh! the vale is a pretty place to live,
And she is a pretty maid.

She is the spider that spun the web,
And I am the innocent fly;
To be caught in such web is a simple thing,
And there 'twould be joyous to die.
And daily the spider is charming me
Down in that vale so fair,
And I shall be caught, I know I shall,
For I love to linger there.

Miss Debbie Doolittle's Reformation.

BY E. S. BOURNE.

In the village of T—, a few years ago, lived Dr. Ephraim Doolittle and his two daughters, Deborah (or Debbie, as she was familiarly called,) and Miriam. The doctor once had been very well to do in the world, but the steadily revolving wheels of time brought round many changes, and fortune, fickle goddess, at length seemed loth to smile upon him. There had been a time when he was the only practitioner in the village, with an extensive country patronage; but, in the course of time, a new physician came, who was young, handsome, and rich withal, and not a few aspiring parents, who had marriageable daughters, gave to him their preference.

Soon came a severe pecuniary loss; but, worst of all, sickness entered the doors of the old doctor's mansion, and in spite of the medicated air which permeated the dwelling, laid its grasp upon the wife of his bosom so heavily that, alas! no skill could save her. Patient, loving and gentle, she passed away from life's pathway, and the sad hearts left behind felt for a season that she had taken all of its brightness with her.

Upon the two daughters now devolved the numerous household duties, and the responsibility of caring for their surviving parent, upon whose face time and trouble were beginning to leave their traces.

Miriam was a plain and unpretending little lady of twenty summers, although to all appearance much older. She was one of those quiet ones, who, while they accomplish great things, move on so noiselessly and easily that no dust rises in the path of their daily life to show where they are walking. Although the younger sister, she took the lead in all the domestic operations; and, though the casual observer might not perceive it, she was the good genius that presided over her father's home.

Her sister was called a beauty. Her features were faultless, her complexion clear and beautiful, and when she consulted her mirror she was well pleased to agree with the popular opinion.

But her name tried her sorely! Deborah was dreadful, the surname worse still, and she resolved to change it at the first favorable opportunity. Yet there never was a name more exponent of character than hers; for, alas! though beautiful, Miss Debbie was but a drone in the domestic hive.

So, in the mornings, while Miriam was busily engaged sweeping and dusting, or contriving some new feature in the culinary department, Debbie would be sitting in her chamber, in extreme disabille, arranging curl papers and twisting bits of ribbon into excruciating bows, polishing her jewelry, reading novels, and frittering time away, doing little or nothing. Yet when the callers came in the afternoon or evening, Miss Debbie was ready to receive them with the most affable manner and bewitching smile. She would converse with the greatest ease, and touch the piano keys with the most graceful fingers. While Miriam timidly seemed to shrink from all attentions, Debbie gracefully received them all, and the fascinated visitors never more than stepped upon the sidewalk before, with one consent, came the exclamation, "What a lovely young lady is Miss Debbie Doolittle!"

So, while the few who had looked behind the scenes understood the rare worth of plain Miriam, the world without lavished its praises upon her sister.

Now, there was a young lawyer just settled in the village, who, being drawn into the charmed circle of Debbie's admirers, was quite a frequent caller at her father's house. Like many of his fellow-mortals he rejoiced in the name of Brown. But Debbie consoled herself by the reflection that, although common, it was much better than that of Doolittle; and, as the young man was rising to eminence quite rapidly, the position which his wife might one day fill was worth striving for.

So the weeks flew on, and nearly every evening brought Mr. Augustus Brown into the cozy little front parlor, which Miriam's busy hands kept so scrupulously neat and tasteful. To be sure Debbie could boast of a few landscape paintings against the wall, and a fancy basket upon the centre-table. The embroidery upon the low ottomans was of her handiwork, and the largest pile of music sheets upon the stand bore her name. Though she really accomplished but little, she had the faculty of making that little so magnificently, that to the unsuspicious eyes of the worthy Mr. Brown she appeared a rare specimen of talent and industry.

Yet, for some reason, bashfulness, perhaps, he did not ask Debbie the question which she was daily expecting to hear, the answer to which she had long been practising. For she thought best not to faint, or show any extraordinary signs of perturbation upon the important occasion, but to answer a sensible question in a sensible manner, leaving no room for doubt in the mind of her interrogator.

But, alas! poor Debbie was doomed to sudden disappointment. It chanced one rainy morning that she went down into her father's office to obtain some ingredients for a cosmetic which she was preparing. After her usual custom, her hair, innocent of contact with comb or brush that morning, was twisted up in curl-papers. Her untidy wrapper had long since bid adieu to the most of its buttons, and was confined here and there by pins, which had made grievous rents in the crimson facings; while the little feet were encased in slippers which, though new once, were very ragged now, revealing hose whose open-work was of a very questionable character—the whole figure presenting a very ludicrous and slovenly appearance.

Now there was but one way in which to enter the office, and that was by a door in the hall, which, in consequence of the dampness, now opened with considerable difficulty. This door Debbie had closed after her. Just as she found the material that she was in search of, she heard voices upon the piazza. There was no mistaking the sound; it was her father, in company with Lawyer Brown.

"Come in, Mr. Brown," she heard the doctor say. "Step into the office until the rain has abated." The front door opened, and she knew that the invitation was accepted.

What was to be done? To meet him in her present plight was not to be thought of; to escape through the hall was impossible! Quick as thought she hurried into a closet whose door stood ajar, and fastened it upon the inside. How her heart beat! But she was safe now, however, and he would probably remain but a short time.

The doctor and Mr. Brown had a long talk together. They discussed the weather, the news, the village affairs. Mr. Brown told about his last case in court, and the doctor, in his turn, related the phenomena of a newly-discovered disease; while Debbie sat trembling in her little prison, and out of doors it rained and rained! Ten o'clock struck; eleven; twelve; and then, with a little stammering, Mr. Brown began in this wise:

"My dear doctor, I have long been wishing to speak to you upon a matter of importance."

"Well, say on, say on, my young friend! I am all attention. Do you wish me to assist you in finding a new client?"

"Not that, exactly; but, to be plain and come to the point at once, I wish to gain your consent to address one of your daughters."

"That is, you want one of my daughters for a wife. Ha! ha! a very reasonable request, Mr. Brown."

"Yes, sir! but I have not yet spoken to her upon the subject, as I wished to have your approbation before making any advances."

"That is right, all right, sir. Very honorable! very! You are a worthy young man, Mr. Brown, and I approve of your behavior in this matter. Which one of my girls?"

Here the dinner-bell sounded for the second time. Now, the doctor was the very soul of punctuality, therefore Debbie heard him say—

"Come, Mr. Brown, dinner first, business afterwards; we will attend to these affairs presently, and adjust them to your mind, I hope."

Then the two gentlemen repaired to the dining-room, where Miriam was awaiting them, looking as neat and tidy as any little housekeeper need to be.

"Now," thought Debbie, "is my time! I will slip noiselessly up stairs, dress quickly, and go down to dinner, excusing my tardiness on the plea of indisposition. After dinner papa and Mr. Brown can have their chat, and in the evening he will come in and propose. Then farewell to the hateful name of Doolittle!"

So she quietly emerged from her hiding-place. But that unfortunate hall-door was shut, and she vainly tried to loosen it, while some one seemed pulling as hard on the other side. The superior force soon overcame, and then, drawing back as the door swung inward, she beheld, oh horror! Mr. Brown! who had returned to the office in search of a missing handkerchief. Hardly believing his eyes he gazed at Debbie in speechless astonishment; and as she darted past him into the hall, and up stairs, the conviction forced itself upon him that the report of her slovenly habits, which he had hitherto disbelieved, was indeed true. He stood there for a second, and then, thoroughly disenchanted but half bewildered, he returned to the dining-room, where he astonished Miriam by putting salt into his coffee, and sugar upon his meat. Soon, however, recovering his self-possession, he entered into a conversation so pleasant that he wondered why he had not thought Miriam interesting before. Her tidy appearance and graceful bearing, contrasted very favorably with the slovenly figure which he saw retreating up stairs, and he was glad that he had not specified to the doctor which of the daughters he had chosen.

Debbie did not make her appearance that afternoon, and, in answer to Miriam's sisterly inquiries, complained of a severe headache.

When the gentlemen were in the office again, and the doctor said, "My young friend, if my daughter Miriam is the one you have chosen, I can recommend her, for she is a good daughter, and will make you a good wife," Mr. Brown did not object.

I shall not enter into the narration of the manner in which he wooed and won. It is sufficient to say that in six months there was a wedding in the cozy little parlor, although some wondered that Miriam was the bride.

A great change, however, came over Debbie. As she thought to marry Mr. Brown for a change of name merely, she remained heart-whole, but the lesson was abiding. From that time she strove in earnest to become all that a true woman should be, much to the delight of her friends. But it was not until Mr. Brown had been her brother-in-law three years that she became Mrs. Austin; and he still regally asserts that, had it not been for him, she would still have remained Miss Debbie Doolittle.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE FARMERS PICNIC AT AMBOY, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.—From Sketches by F. H. Schell.



ON THE ROAD TO THE BEACH.



THE WATER MELON WAGON.

GRAND ANNUAL PICNIC OF NEW JERSEY FARMERS.

For several years it has been the custom of many New Jersey farmers, after harvest time, to visit the sea-shore with their families, for the purpose of recreation, picnic, bathing and "a good time." The custom had its origin in private expeditions, which became so general that it was finally decided upon, by common consent, that the second Saturday in August should be honored as a holiday, and that that day should be set apart for enjoyment in aquatic sports. So well recognized is the custom, that for several years the farmers, for miles in the vicinity of the sea beach, have given it careful observance, and days are frequently spent in making necessary preparations for the journey. Many are the good things provided by the careful housewife; and the happy countenances of the children, who, through the "heated term," fondly anticipate the pleasure of "going to the salt water," as the expedition is usually termed, adds zest to the scene of preparation. It is frequently the case that families, with improvised larders, amply stocked, travel 50 miles or more to do honor to the day, and it is not unusually the case that whole nights are spent in journeying towards Amboy, the favorite place of gathering. The scene at the beach, on the arrival of the various parties, is more than enlivening, it is cheerful in the extreme, and bespeaks the true spirit engendered by a day's relaxation, after a season of honest toil. The buxom country lads and lassies vie with each other in their efforts to make the day a happy one; and, to the honor of the New Jersey farmers, it can truthfully be said that, at their many annual meetings, no unpleasant occurrence has ever transpired to mar the hours spent on the sea beach.

We present in this number several scenes illustrative of the last annual gathering of the farmers and their families at Raritan Bay, Amboy, New Jersey, on Saturday, the 12th inst.

LA ROQUETTE, THE PARIS PRISON FOR JUVENILES.

PROBABLY one of the most singularly in-

genious prisons in the world is the Roquette in Paris built for the confinement of juvenile offenders. In several of the States in this country there are penitentiaries where the system of solitary confinement has been introduced, but only for adults. In the

delinquent permitted to see another. Even the infirmary is divided into cells, and the sick are allowed to see none but their medical attendant. The cells for punishment have but little light and no furniture, except a stool and woollen blanket. Here the offender is

man while officiating, but not one another. In fine, the Roquette is the most complete establishment for the solitary confinement of youth in the world.



THE LADIES PREPARING FOR THE BATH.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Richmond, Va.

THIS venerable edifice is one of the few points of interest connected with the history of the Revolution which remains within the limits of the once "so-called Southern Confederacy," unimpaired by the vandalism of traitors. It was here Patrick Henry made his celebrated speech, "Give me liberty, or give me death," which rang the knell of British tyranny in the colonies, and inspired the patriots of '76 to deeds of valor which will be remembered as long as the history of our country has a name.

HARLEM BRIDGE, N. Y.

THIS structure, the work upon which has ceased, for the present, owing to the Comptroller of the city of New York refusing to honor the drafts of the Commissioners, will, when completed, be classed among the most important improvements about the metropolis. The bridge is to be built entirely of iron, with circular piers and a "draw" of great length, which, it is thought, can be easily worked by one man. For a long time a substantial bridge over the Harlem river has been a matter of more than ordinary importance to the trade between New York and Westchester counties, and after the disposal of some slight legal technicalities the bridge, now partially finished, will soon be completed.

THE practice of snuff-taking was probably introduced into Europe about the same time as smoking, and first appears to be publicly noticed in 1624, when Pope Urban VIII. issued a decree against the habit of taking snuff in church during the celebration of mass. In England it was formerly the practice to take snuff in a small spoon, and not by the pinch; in France, so late as the last century, a snuff-box was an indispensable appendage of every person having any pretension to fashion.



A PRIMITIVE BATHING-HOUSE.



A SKETCH ON THE BEACH.



LA ROQUETTE, THE PRISON FOR JUVENILE OFFENDERS IN PARIS.

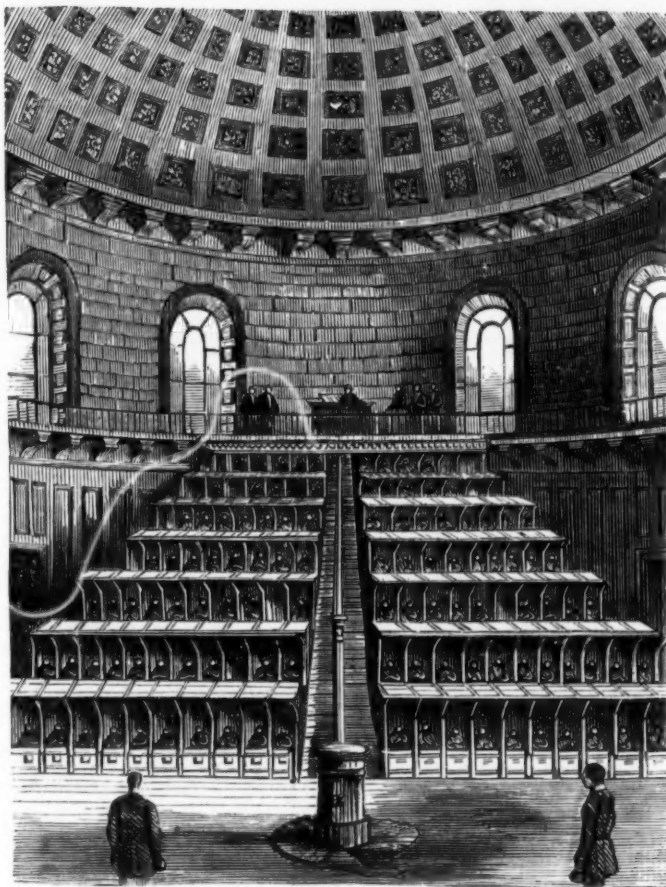
ASSYRIAN SECTS.

THERE are two remarkable sects, one of which, called the Mendajaha (disciples of John), is found scattered in small communities in Basrah, Kur nah, Mohammarah, and, lastly, Sheikh el Shuyukh, where there are about 300 families. Those of Basrah are noticed by Pietro de la Valle who says the Arabs call them Sabaeans. Their religion is evidently a mixture of Paganism, Hebrew, Mohammedan and Christian. They profess to regulate their lives by a book called the Sidra, containing many moral precepts, which, according to tradition, have been handed down from Adam, through Seth and Enoch; and it is understood to be in their language (the Chaldee), but written in a peculiar character. They abhor circumcision, but are very particular in distinguishing between clean and unclean animals, and likewise in keeping the Sabbath with extraordinary strictness. The Psalms of David are in use, but they are held to be inferior to their own book. They abstain from garlic, beans, and several kinds of pulse, and likewise most carefully from every description of food between sunrise and sunset during a whole moon before the vernal equinox; in addition to which, an animal festival is kept, called the feast of five days. Much respect is entertained for the city of Mecca, and a still greater reverence for the Pyramids of Egypt, in one of which they believe that their great progenitor, Saba, son of Seth, is buried; and to his original residence at Haran they make very particular pilgrimages, sacrificing on these occasions a ram and a hen. They pray seven times a day, turning sometimes to the south and sometimes to the north. But, at the same time, they retain a part of the ancient worship of the heavenly bodies, adding that of angels, with the belief that the souls of the wicked are to enjoy a happier state after 900 centuries of suffering. The priests, who are called sheikhs, or chiefs, use a particular kind of baptism, which, they say, was instituted by St. John; and the Chaldee language is used in this and other ceremonies.

The other religion, that of a more numerous branch, the Yezidis, is, in some respects, like the Mendajaha, but with the addition of the evil principle, the exalted doctor, who, as an instrument of the divine will, is propitiated rather than worshipped, as had been once supposed. The Yezidis reverence Moses, Christ and Mohammed, in addition to many of the saints and prophets held in veneration both by Christians and Moslems. They adore the sun, as symbolical of Christ, and believe in an intermediate state after death. The Yezidis of Sinjar do not practice circumcision, nor do they eat pork; but they freely partake of the blood of other animals. Their manners are simple, and their habits, both within and without, remarkable for cleanliness. They are, besides, brave, hospitable, sober, faithful, and, with the exception of the Mohammedan, are inclined to tolerate other religions; they are, however, lamentably deficient in every branch of education. Polygamy is not permitted, and the tribes intermarry with each other. The families of the father and sons live under the same roof; and the patriarchal system is carried out still further, each village being under its own hereditary chief.

OLD FOLKS.

THOMAS PARR, the son of John Parr, was born at Alderbury, in the parish of Winnington, Shropshire, England, in the reign of King Edward IV., anno 1483. At 90 he married his first wife, Jane, and in the



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL DURING THE HOURS OF STUDY.

space of 32 years had only two children by her, both of them short lived. The one lived but a month, the other a few years. Being aged 120, he fell in love with and espoused Katharine Milton, a widow, who bore him one child—a son. Up to 130 he followed his vocation as a husband-man, exhibiting no symptoms of declining strength. In his 153d year, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, brought him up to London to the court of Charles I. He slept away most of his time, and is thus described by an eye-witness:

"From head to heel his body had all over
A quickset, thickest, natural hairy cover."

Change of air and diet, better in itself but worse for him, with the trouble and agitation of many visitors, or spectators rather, were conceived to have accelerated his death, which happened two months after his arrival in the metropolis, on the 15th of November, 1635. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. The celebrated Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, made a post mortem examination of his body, and

found no internal marks of decay. Parr's son lived to be 113, his grandson 100, and his great grandson 124.

According to the *Chicago Journal*, the oldest man in America is Joseph Creley, a French-American, born in Detroit, in September, 1728, and baptised there on the 18th of that month, and who is now residing at Chicago. He must have seen some of the sons and daughters of the pilgrim fathers. He was eight years old when Washington was born, 33 when Wolfe was killed on the plains of Abraham, and upwards of 50 when the Declaration of Independence was signed. He has been married three times, and has had two sons and three daughters. He is residing with a great-grandson. His eldest son died four years ago, at the age of 110. Creley is short, compactly built, and seems likely to live some years. He has lost all his teeth, but his bodily faculties are all sound. He has drunk three glasses of whiskey daily for many years, is a hard smoker, but simple in his eating. His memory is almost gone. In speaking of his long life a few days ago, he said, affectionately, "Dieu m'a oublié." This last paragraph is rather too closely borrowed from Fontenelle, who, when congratulated on his 91st birthday, said, "Hush! Death has forgotten me; don't remind him that I am still alive!"

HAIR.—That ill-fated beauty, Beatrice de Cenci, was remarkable for her beautiful golden hair; and a golden lock that once glittered on the head of Lucretia Borgia, now lies quietly among the treasures of the Vatican. Queen Catharine Parr's hair was of this rare and splendid hue; Miss Strickland, who possesses a ringlet taken from this queen's head, after she had lain in her grave for more than 200 years, describes it as exactly resembling threads of burnished gold; and singularly enough the daughter of Catharine's rival was rich in the same respect. Elizabeth was proud of her golden hair, and delighted to display it for the admiration of her courtiers. Of course, her foes declared it was red, not golden; and in a miniature of the time the painter has certainly lent color to the libel—as libel it undoubtedly was—for, some half-dozen years ago, a lock of the great queen's hair was discovered in a copy of Sidney's *Arcadia* at Wilton. It had been presented to the chivalric poet by Elizabeth, and is described as soft, silky and wavy, of a beautiful golden brown color, without a tinge of red, and still shining as though powdered with gold-dust.

A MANCHOO VILLAGE.—We passed three villages in quick succession, and in about two hours, landed at the fourth one upon the right shore. Very soon quite a concourse of people were gathered upon the beach to witness, perhaps, the first landing of white men upon their shores. They brought beans, red pepper, Indian corn or maize; dried beans, round cake of white bread, leaf tobacco made up into small parcels of two or three ounces weight; and a kind of millet, pounded or broken. Several of the young girls and women were well formed, generally round-faced and fleshy, and of a very red complexion. There was one girl of some 10 or 12 years old, much fairer than any of the others, who was quite pretty. She was blind of one eye; several of the old people and younger children were afflicted with sore eyes, and among the women I noticed several cases of goitre. The people were generally well clad, much in the Chinese style. In their houses, many of which we visited freely, we were welcomed with pipes, which were filled and lighted by the females, who took first a few puffs themselves, and then handed them to the guests; not, however, without wiping the mouth-piece with the hand, or upon the dress, first. Mats or carpets were spread upon the dais, or divan, which generally extended around three sides



CELLS FOR THE SOLITARY CONFINEMENT OF THE BOYS.



THE PARLOUR OF THE BOYS' PRISON.

of the family room. Here we were invited to sit, as usual, as we might fancy. The houses are general divided into apartments, one of which, the first you enter, is the kitchen, where you frequently find sucking pigs, or young calves, comfortably housed, to say nothing of dogs, chickens or children. The next apartment is the sleeping, eating, smoking, and reception-room. Here dine, eat, sleep, smoke, talk, and drink, the entire household and their guests in separate groups, around and upon the divan, according to their social relations, by night and by day. The dais is generally raised about two feet from the ground floor, and about six to seven feet deep, to the wall. It is their bed by night, and their seat and table by day. Different kinds of mats or carpets are spread upon this divan, with a small round pillow for each person. These pillows, with the matting, and such covering as they have, consisting of light coverlets of cotton fabric, we saw carefully packed in a kind of clothes-press, against the wall, in one corner of the room, where they are arranged by the careful housewife in the morning, after the night's repose. The room is warmed by the hot air from the furnace, conveyed in wooden pipes along the perpendicular wall of the divan, going out at the side of the house, and ending in a high wooden chimney, sticking up in the yard adjacent to the house, which carries off the smoke.

UN FOR THE FAMILY.

JONES is a strong believer in guardian angels. "If it were not for them," he asks, "what would keep people from rolling out of bed when they are fast asleep?"

"Do you suppose you can do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons'?" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement.

"I should think I might," was the reply, "I have done a great many landlords."

"STEEL your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going among some fascinating girls."

"I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

MURPHY was asked how it was so very difficult to waken him in the morning.

"Indeed, master, it's because of taking your own advice, always to attend to what I'm about; so whenever I sleep I pay attention to it."

TOM CLARKE, of St. John's, desired a fellow of the same college to lend him Bishop Burnet's "History of the Reformation;" the other told him he could not spare it out of his chamber, but if he pleased he might come there and read it all day long. Some time after the same gentleman sends to Tom to borrow his bellows; Tom sent him word that he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and use them all day long if he wished.

WHAT IT WAS.—A lady passing along the street, one morning last winter, noticed a little boy scattering salt upon the sidewalk, for the purpose of clearing the ice.

"Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "that's real benevolence."

"No, it ain't, ma'am," replied the boy, "it's salt."

In one of our schools, a clergyman asked if any of the scholars could tell who was David's grandmother. Thereupon a little girl responded:

"A woman, sir!"

A SAILOR'S LOVE OF FAIR PLAY.—In a shipyard, in Portsmouth, the other day, a far from a man-of-war was observed watching two men dragging a seven-foot cross-cut saw through a huge oak log. The saw was dull, the log very tough, and there they went—a saw, saw-saw; pull, push; pull, push. Jack staid the matter over awhile, until he came to the conclusion that they were pulling to see who would get the saw, and as one man was an immense big chap, while the other was a little fellow, he decided to see fair play; so giving the big one a blow under the ear that capsize him, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, he sang out, "Now run."

"It goes far," said Lady Montague, "to reconcile me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am in no danger of marrying one."

An epitaph in an Albany churchyard runs as follows:

Here lies of Johnson, the venerable dust;
Forget him New England never must;
And here have come to rest their weary bones,
Their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

ANOTHER in Cheshire, England:

Poorly lived,
And poorly died,
Poorly buried,
And no one cried.

ANOTHER in a Scotch cemetery:

Here lies John Davies,
Quite at our place,
With the tips of his toes
As the end of his nose
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

The botanists tell us there is no such thing in nature as a black flower. We suppose they never heard of the "coal black rose."

If Louis Napoleon is bent on picking a quarrel, he had better be careful in picking the Power to quarrel with.

At a large dinner party in a certain city lately, the frosty weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet.

"Surely," said a lady opposite, "Mrs., you are not troubled with cold feet?"

"Amid an awful pause, she naively answered:

"Yes, indeed, I am; very much troubled—but then they are not my own."

Hon. JOSHUA QUINCY says that C. S. A. means now, "Can't See a Cent Again."

The rebel armies have nothing to do but to keep running, for, if they stand, they fall.

The Deerhound is not the only British hound that has interfered with us in this rebellion.

SHERIDAN's coat of arms hereafter will be the fork rampant.

"WHAT is the reason that men never kiss each other, while the lady a waste of kisses on feminine faces?" said the captain to Gussie the other day.

Gussie cogitated a minute, and then answered: "Because the men have something better to kiss, and women haven't."

The captain "saw it" immediately.

A CERTAIN Scotch friend of ours, who is not a member of the temperance society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica rum, drily answered: "To tell you the truth, sir, I cannot say I'm very fond of rum; for if I take more than six tumblers it's very apt to give a body the headache."

AN American editor thus describes in rhyme the patience of a husband with whom he is acquainted:

He never said a word,
But with a look of deepest melancholy
He sat, like patience, on an ottoman,
Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on."

A GIRL who was making a dress put the sleeves in wrong. She was unable to change them, as she could not determine whether she had got the right sleeve in the wrong place, or the wrong sleeve in the right place.

THE late Lord Lyndhurst used to relate a humorous circumstance, which occurred when he was on circuit at Dolegally, in Merionethshire. There was no prisoner to be tried, and the Lord Chief Baron expressed his surprise to the High Sheriff. That wise official actually feared that he had offended his lordship; and, as it is in concern for the honor of Merionethshire, exclaimed, with fervor: "I can assure you that the whole county has been in pursuit of a sheep-stealer!"

AN Irishman dropped a letter into the post-office the other day, with the following memorandum on the corner, for the benefit of all indolent postmasters into whose hands it might fall: "Please hasten the delay of this."

"WHEREVER I go," said a Yankee gentleman, remarkable for his state pride, "I am sure to find sensible men from my own state."

"No wonder," said the gentleman whom he was addressing; "for any man of that state, who has any sense, leaves it as fast as he can."

A GENTLEMAN, who recently traveled over a western railroad, declared his opinion that it is the safest road in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running ahead of the train to drive off the cows and sheep!

KATE was talking glowingly about love-apples. "That's strange!" exclaimed Charlie, her accepted lover. "Why should love be associated with apples? On the contrary, I thought that love always went in pairs." Kate smiled approvingly.

"It is impossible," said one politician to another, "to say where your party ends and the opposition party begins."

"Well, sir," replied the other, "if you were riding a jackass, it would be impossible to say where the man ended and the donkey began."

SHOOTING A COBRA.—When out shooting in Assam, some 14 months ago, I came across a huge cobra-constrictor, lying coiled up in a state of torpor, in front of a large white ant hill (an uninhabited one). As I was in the howdah at the time, a steady shot at his head was out of the question; so I fired two shots in rapid succession into the middle of his coils. He then leisurely unwound himself, and glided slowly into the hole, evidently hard hit. We immediately jumped down from our elephants, and before he was halfway in, laid an embargo on his tail; but notwithstanding the united force of myself and four natives, he steadily drew himself in, slipping out of our grasp with astonishing ease. The nearest village being some four or five miles distant, we dispatched a Sepoy on an elephant for shovels and picks, and proceeded with our shooting, intending to come back that way in the evening and dig our friend out of his lair; but this trouble was saved us, for on our return we found him lying outside the hole quite dead, with an ineffectual vulture sitting on him. He measured 16 feet 9 inches in length, and at the thickest part of his body was two feet in girth. The vulture unfortunately had spoiled his skin, so I could not preserve it. I may mention that on this occasion my bag was three rhinoceros, three buffaloes, two deer (sambar), two pigs, and one cobra-constrictor—my best day's sport in Assam.

A FEAST IN BORNEO.—A Mr. Boyle has lately been traveling in Borneo, where he received great hospitality from a chief named Gasing. He invited Mr. Boyle and his brother to a mighty feast. Gasing himself was arrayed in the uniform coat which forms the Court dress of English Consuls-general. His head was adorned by the brass top of a dragon helmet, secured by a linen band under his chin, whilst the horsehair plume streamed down his back. On his forehead was a brass plate inscribed with the victories in which one of Her Majesty's regiments had participated. On his stomach was the plated cover of a soup tureen, with a pattern embossed in high relief. This, we are told, was the brightest jewel among Gasing's regalia, and an object of much jealousy to neighboring potentates. The weak point of his costume was an absence of trousers. The festivity, which lasted for three days, was of the simplest kind. It consisted in every one present getting as drunk as he possibly could. The drink by which this was effected is described as being in appearance like thin milk, and in smell like that of 500 negroes drunk in a slave-pen. When taken into the mouth, it suggests the idea of cocoa-nut milk gone sour, mixed with brown sugar and old cheese; in the throat there arises a suspicion of "starch," mingled with the strongest cayenne, and, when fairly swallowed, the sufferer realizes the sensation of "waiting for the crisis in a rolling vessel at the change of the monsoons." This description is certainly forcible, and tends to suggest the idea that incessant intoxication for three days must have un, lessant consequences.

VOICE.—It is stated by Scoresby and other arctic voyagers and whale hunters, that whales have some mysterious mode of converse with one another at a distance of some miles, so that an alarm of danger is rapidly communicated, and this without any sound audible to human beings being used. Some entirely unknown mode of signaling through the medium of water has been imagined to explain the fact, but it is more likely that the whale simply bellows in a graver tone than ordinary—a tone below the auditory range of the human ear, and therefore not to be heard by it; although quite within the auditory range of the whale itself. It will, of course, be understood that by voice I merely mean any voluntary and determinate sound given forth as a means of communication, whether the vocal organs be internal, as in the higher animals; or external, as they probably are in the lower.

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